

# The Saturday Review

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES . . . . .	509	Money Matters: New Issues—The "Lady's Pictorial" and "Sporting and Dramatic" Publishing Company; Ridgways; The Australian Cycle and Motor Company . . . . .	519	Another Long-felt Want . . . . .	524
LEADING ARTICLES:		Advice to Investors . . . . .	522	Cheap Microscopes . . . . .	524
The New Diplomacy . . . . .	512	CORRESPONDENCE:		Licensed Vivisection. By Algernon Taylor . . . . .	524
English Commerce and American Politics . . . . .	513	Sir Lepel Griffin on the Famine in India. By William Digby, C.I.E., and Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I. . . . .	522	REVIEWS:	
SPECIAL ARTICLES:		The Biological Problem of To-day. By T. Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford . . . . .	523	Mr. Andrew Lang's Life of Lockhart . . . . .	525
The Snobbery of It—II. By X. . . . .	514	"Beetroot, Bounties, and the British Farmer" . . . . .	523	Mr. Barrie's New Book . . . . .	526
The Sanctity of State Secrets. By Albert D. Vandam . . . . .	515	"The Natural History of Australia." By F. G. Aflalo . . . . .	524	Medieval Religious Art . . . . .	527
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:				Archbishop Magee . . . . .	527
D'Albert. By J. F. R. . . . .	516			Local Taxation . . . . .	528
Beethoven's Symphonies. By G. B. S. . . . .	517			The Life of a Fox . . . . .	529
				Count Benedetti's <i>Apologia</i> . . . . .	529
				Reviews and Magazines . . . . .	530
				This Week's Books . . . . .	530
				ADVERTISEMENTS . . . . .	531-540

[Early in December will be issued the FIRST ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT of the SATURDAY REVIEW. For further particulars see p. 531.]

## NOTES.

IT is certainly better to be born lucky than wise. For here is Mr. John Morley talking about the "great task to which Lord Salisbury set himself," and assuring the world that he is "willing to forgive Lord Salisbury many failures" if in the long run the Conservative leader "achieves that great and paramount success" of bringing about a standing treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States. And the curious part of it is that history will probably ratify this eulogy. Lord Salisbury has settled the Venezuelan difficulty, to his great honour, and he may win deathless reputation by putting an end to "the brute arbitrament of war" between the two kindred peoples. Lord Salisbury among the great English statesmen and Dick Olney sitting at ease somewhere between Washington and Monroe, between him who was born great and him who had greatness thrust upon him by the aftertime—it is possible at least. And yet, when the first despatches exchanged between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney were published, it looked to a good many even of us Conservatives as if Lord Salisbury were determined to quibble and split hairs and lose his great opportunity. The truth is, public opinion was unanimous, and Lord Salisbury yielded to its pressure; wherefore it surely seems well to be born at the right moment.

Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall confirms in the most important particulars Lord Dufferin's Belfast speech to which we drew attention a week ago, and seems to give assurance that a better understanding between Russia and Great Britain will henceforth be the aim of both Governments. Lord Dufferin spoke of the belief, evidently cherished by Prince Bismarck and others, that there is a permanent and necessary antagonism between Great Britain and Russia as founded upon "obsolete prejudices," and Lord Salisbury's declaration was even more emphatic. "It is," he said, "a superstition of an antiquated diplomacy that there is any necessary antagonism between Russia and Great Britain." This pronouncement seems to us especially important in view of the alliance that undoubtedly exists between Russia and France. It may be remembered that last week we noticed the fact that Lord Dufferin used this word "alliance" in this connexion. Since then we have received a letter from the person whom we regard as the best English authority on such matters, and he assures us that the "alliance" between Russia and France is just as formal as the one between Germany and Austria, and "much more intimate." We make it a point of conscience to give this state-

ment its due weight, for we are convinced of its truth. It is now nearly two years since in these columns we first set forth our reasons for believing that the true interests of Great Britain would be better served by an understanding with Russia and France than by an understanding with Germany and Austria, and recent events have increased the cogency of our arguments.

The best speech yet made in the Recess, except of course Lord Salisbury's Guildhall speech, was delivered by Sir Charles Dilke on Tuesday last at Enfield. The report in the "Daily Chronicle" was by far the most complete, and we are sorry to notice that the "Times," departing from its old rule of absolute impartiality in regard to news, made no mention of this most important discourse. When Sir Charles Dilke speaks in the House, the "Times" reports him, and thus chronicles the very utterances which it burks when they are first delivered. Futile spite of this sort is surely unworthy even of Mr. Buckle. Sir Charles Dilke first of all proved that the Cyprus Convention was no longer an obligation binding upon us. Mr. Gladstone's Government, it seems, pointed out in June 1880 that "the Convention was entirely conditional on reforms being carried out by the Turks, that it seemed to be hopeless to expect any reforms, and that consequently we withdrew the Consuls who had been stationed in Asia Minor to superintend the reforms." In the second place, Sir Charles Dilke emphasised the danger of isolated action on the part of Great Britain by informing us that a Russian general had recently surveyed the defences of the Dardanelles—"a pretty broad hint that Russia, or rather the Dual Alliance, would regard a British attack as a *casus belli*."

In spite of this ominous fact, Sir Charles Dilke was not an advocate of inaction; on the contrary, he declared his belief that Great Britain, by cultivating a good understanding with Russia and France, might bring sufficient pressure on the Porte to accomplish the universal wish. We might hand over Cyprus to Greece, "which would imply that, if the reforms in Armenia were not carried out, Tenedos, Lemnos, Mitylene, Scio, Psara, Patmos, and Rhodes would follow," and by doing this we should be strengthening the 6,000,000 Greek-speaking people, the largest Christian population in the Turkish Empire. The only difficulty which Sir Charles Dilke sees in the way of a perfect agreement with Russia and France is our continued occupation of Egypt; he realizes that this occupation, as we have pointed out, is a source of military weakness to Great Britain, and he deprecated speeches, like Mr. George Curzon's recent lucubration, which diminished our chances of coming to an amicable understanding with France and Russia. A most important and interesting speech, which deserved a verbatim report.

The oratory of the recess is now in full blast, but it suffers painfully from a lack of subjects for discourse. Mr. Morley tearfully declares that he will never desert Ireland, but by all the other party leaders Home Rule has been practically abandoned. Last year's Agricultural Rating Bill was worked for all it was worth by Mr. Billson at Bradford, but it does not seem to have influenced a dozen votes. Education, of course, is the great danger ahead for the Government, but both sides are still afraid of it; the Ministerial speakers are all at sixes and sevens as to whether State Aid or Rate Aid or a mixture of both is to be the panacea, and the Radicals dare not denounce the Voluntary Schools for fear of alienating still further the Irish Catholic vote. The National Union of Conservative Associations meets at Rochdale on Tuesday next, and in the evening Mr. Balfour is expected to make a declaration of the Government's policy on this important point. The bulk of the country, we fancy, does not care very much what that policy is, but it expects that some policy shall be announced and firmly carried through. A repetition of the vacillation and blundering of last Session would be unpardonable.

The East Bradford election terminated as was expected in a reduced Conservative poll, and an ominously large Labour vote. Mr. Byron Reed, by his ten years' constant attention to the constituency, had probably polled every possible supporter, and it was inevitable that a new man, with no rhetorical skill or tact, should lose some hundreds of voters to Mr. Keir Hardie. The only people who can get no crumb of comfort from the result are the official Liberals, who may evidently bid good-bye to all hopes of the united Labour vote in Yorkshire. The virulence and bitterness displayed by the Independent Labour speakers towards the old Liberals were unparalleled, and although the official Trade-Unionists at head-quarters allowed themselves as usual to be made a mere branch of the Radical Caucus, close on two thousand of the local workmen broke away, and voted for Keir Hardie. It is just that two thousand voters here and there in working-class constituencies who will turn the scale, and unless they can be brought back to the fold, many other boroughs in the North will follow the example of Bradford. To show his discernment of the moving forces of the situation, Mr. John Morley, on the very day of the Bradford poll, was explaining to a Scotch audience that the Liberal party was distinguished from all others by the fact that in its ranks there was neither split nor schism nor a conflict of interests.

The reports of a wonderful business and industrial revival in the United States, bursting forth on the very morrow of the elections, are quite intelligible. The knowledge that capital is of all cowards the most timorous is not new; but in the history of the world there has never been such another spectacle of a vast commercial community, in a time of profound peace, permitting itself to be so completely paralysed by terror as the people in America who buy and sell and manufacture were from August to 3 November. In the natural exuberance of the reaction now there is a tendency to ignore both the causes of the great fright and the salvage that will inevitably have to be paid to those who are entitled to pose as rescuers. Correspondents like Mr. Smalley, who represent Mr. McKinley as tearfully putting partizanship behind him, and as burning to reveal himself as the President of a whole people, do but confuse the judgment of their readers. Mr. McKinley will be precisely the kind of President that the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust, the National Lead Trust, the steel, coal, cordage, leather, rubber and a hundred other "trusts" want him to be. They elected him, and, to use their own phrase, they are not in politics for their health.

As to the Tariff, it seems to be forgotten that the House of Representatives which is now in existence and is to assemble three weeks hence, is as strongly Republican as its successor elected the other day. So far as this lower or popular branch is concerned, there is no reason why a new High Tariff Bill, or for that matter the old McKinley Bill, should not be passed

before February. The Senate presents more difficulties, for the balance of power there is held by a group of Western Senators who last session insisted upon having Free Silver conceded to them in return for their votes for any increase of Tariffs. As Mr. McKinley was then a Free Silver man himself, he must have resented sharply the decision of his party to reject the terms offered by these Silver Senators. But everything is different now. Mr. McKinley has been elected as the champion of the Gold standard, and of course can do nothing whatever for Silver. The fractious Senators who swore they would block all Tariff legislation until they had Free Silver must see the folly of maintaining such a position any longer. It is not a Western habit to cry for the moon through two successive winters. Something much more tangible may easily suggest itself, which will be practicable as well. President Cleveland's veto remains, and that fact, no doubt, renders the chances of Tariff legislation before 4 March next hardly worth considering. But an extra Session of the new Congress could begin next day, if President McKinley chose to convene it, and what had been matured during the winter in the interest of the manufacturing rings could be passed into law before the end of the month.

People used to speak of "silly Suffolk," but the opening up of Surrey to a great new population of villa-residents has produced results which suggest a rearrangement of epithets. It was the foolish panic of Surrey magistrates a year and more ago that was mainly responsible for the muzzling orders, which have been a nuisance and an exasperation ever since. Most other parts of England have recovered their senses on this subject, but the Surrey County Council, although a majority of its members are understood to favour rescinding the orders, have agreed to keep the muzzles on indefinitely, "in deference to the wish of the Chairman of Quarter Sessions." The resolutions of this egregious body in the matter of motor cars are even more extraordinary. Parliament has legalized the use of these vehicles, subject to certain conditions of general application to the country at large; but the Surrey County Council does not agree with Parliament. In its judgment the speed permitted is excessive, and the cars are too wide; in fact, "it is quite impossible that the cars should be run in accordance with the existing Highways Acts and the bye-laws of the Council," and accordingly permission to pass through Surrey on the trial-trip to Brighton projected for to-day has been refused.

The Grand Duke Vladimir represents the pro-German party in Russian palace-politics, just as the Dowager Empress Alexander, true to her Danish sympathies and memories, is the most notable figure in the opposing combination. Until very recently the anti-German influences about the Tsar have seemed to be carrying all before them. Now, however, Vladimir is on a shooting visit to the German Emperor, and Prince Hohenlohe has been summoned hastily to join them, and the German editors assume the zephyrs of Russia's favour are blowing their way once more. The "Frankfurter Zeitung," which is practically the only newspaper both honest and capable in Germany, gives credence to the idea that Bismarck's famous backdoor agreement with Russia, which lapsed when he was dismissed in 1890, has recently been revived, and is now once more in operation. Simultaneously, the "Petersburg Viedomosti" urges France frankly to abandon the notion of recovering Alsace-Lorraine, and allow Nicholas II. to arrange for her instead a cordial understanding with the German Emperor. All this may reflect nothing more substantial than the eagerness of the Germans to appear still possessed of a power over peace and war which has really passed from their hands; but there always remains, on the other hand, the possibility that Kaiser and Tsar may understand each other much better than the outside world imagines.

Earlier in the year we expressed a belief that the London County Council had begun to show signs of giving up its factious wrangling and getting to business; but since the vacation the old party spirit has



broken out more violently than ever. 'Water and the Tramways are, of course, the fields of battle, and the two sides seem quite happy in preventing each other from doing anything. A few weeks ago it was believed that a compromise had been arrived at, involving the control and purchase of the Water Companies' undertakings, but for some unseen reason this fell through, and Moderates and Progressives spent Tuesday last in blocking each other's proposals. The Progressives by their majority again carried the 'old scheme, which the Moderates denounced as confiscation, and which Parliament will certainly not accept. Both parties unite in calling on the Government to do something, and accordingly we hope that Lord James's Bill of last Session—modified in the direction of the compromise arrived at by Mr. Stuart and Lord Onslow, but rejected by their followers—will be introduced early in the Session and pushed forward to a decision. We shall, it is said, have a hard winter, like that of two years ago, in which case it will be absolutely necessary for the London Conservative members to have a definite policy.

The heir of the Comte de Paris appears to possess something of the spirit of his paternal grandfather, who, had he lived, might have struck a more decisive blow for the maintenance of his father's throne than either the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Nemours, or the Prince de Joinville was prepared to do. The Duc d'Orléans seems to be fond of adventures in every sense of the term, and he may one day—we say "may" and not will—emulate the exploits of Louis Napoleon, even at the risk of making himself ridiculous once or twice to succeed the third time. He will, moreover, have the counsel of his grand-aunt, who is also his grandmother-in-law, and who is considered one of the cleverest women in Europe, on whom, in fact, the mantle of that wonderful Madame Adelaide seems to have fallen. Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg, *née* d'Orléans, has already made one king, or what is tantamount to it, in the shape of her son, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria; she may take it into her head to try once more. The great question is whether her very rich brother, the Duc d'Aumale, will be willing to stand the "preliminary expenses"; and on this head we have our private opinion.

The recent case of "Kleptomania" which resulted in the conviction of Mrs. Castle and her subsequent release on the grounds of ill-health has justly aroused the indignation of those who contend that classes and masses are not ruled by the same laws. On the day following Mrs. Castle's release, a poor woman named Mrs. Law was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for the theft of a shawl valued at two shillings. She is about to give birth to a child, and in a very weak condition. Pregnancy, according to physiologists, is constantly the determining cause of morbid mental disorders, and is frequently the true cause of kleptomania. Why then should Mrs. Law not meet with the same indulgence as was extended to the wife of a millionaire, whose thefts were excused on the plea of some nervous ailment, the nature of which did not transpire? If pregnancy and poverty are not to be considered as pleas for mercy, is it right that wealth, position, and powerful medical testimony should be allowed to stay the hand of punishment?

Some time ago, when speaking of the German Menace, we instanced the rising dividends which were being paid by manufacturing companies in one German town—Bremen, to wit. Bremen is not alone in her glory. Since we adduced her as an example of Germany's industrial progress, our readers and correspondents have been paying special attention to one out of the numerous industries in respect of which England is bowing the knee before her rival. We refer to sugar. It is interesting, therefore, to turn to the recently issued Report of the British Consul at Stettin on last year's trade in his district. There we learn that the Pomeranian Provincial Sugar Refinery paid its shareholders a dividend at the comforting rate of 10 per cent.; while the Pommersche Zucker Fabrik Anklam went two better, giving a dividend of 12 per cent. The

fact that this institution works its product by the aid of English coal is but poor comfort to England, whose position in the matter is best represented by the case of the boy who had broken a window and found sixpence. A point of interest in connexion with these dividends is that they were earned under the small bounty which the German Government gave in 1895. The German fabricants and refiners said they were being ruined under it, so the Reichstag took pity on their sad estate, and doubled the bounties. The proposal of the sugar gentlemen in the Reichstag was that the old bounties should be rather more than trebled. All which shows there is nothing like leather, for a conscience.

The "Daily Chronicle" is doing a very bad service to the London cabmen in encouraging them to keep up a hopeless dispute with the railway companies. Every day the so-called strike is kept up simply adds to the number of railway omnibuses and other vehicles sent out; and, if these are allowed to establish themselves, the best part of the cabman's traffic will be permanently alienated. For a while the hearts of the strikers were kept up by tales of a wonderful "point of law" on which they were to ride to victory; but, when the point came to be raised in Court on Wednesday, it was seen to be one which could not impose on a solicitor's junior office-boy. That a station yard is a "place" into which a cab may be required to drive, just as the Temple is a "place," or a man's private carriage-drive is a "place," while none of them is a "public street, road, or place" in the sense of a thoroughfare in which cabs may ply for hire, is an obvious distinction which hardly required judicial exposition. The net result of the dispute, so far as the railway companies are concerned, is that their attention has been directed to a source of revenue which they have hitherto neglected, and every penny which they add to their income will be diverted from the pockets of the unhappy cabman.

Most readers of the paper on English and Dutch Dairy Farming in this month's "Nineteenth Century" will probably smile and be astonished at the statement that in Holland "it is not an uncommon event to see a farmer slip his wooden sabots off before going into his own cow byre, in order that the floor, the bricks of which are polished like a mirror, should not be soiled." The general comment will doubtless be that such scrupulosity is an idiosyncratic excess of virtue; and the writers of the article themselves apologetically suggest that "this may, perhaps, be considered a hypersensitiveness in favour of cleanliness." As a fact, it is a necessary hygienic precaution. Cow's milk abounds in bacteria. Freudenreich has demonstrated the average number per cubic inch in fresh milk to be from 160,000 to 320,000: and an alarming proportion are pathogenic, the most frequent being the tubercle bacilli, the parents of phthisis. Now the density of this charming population can be very sensibly diminished by the observance of rigid cleanliness in the milking and housing of the cow; and one of the excellent suggestions made by Dr. H. Johnstone Campbell, at the British Association last July, was that cow byres should be kept scrupulously clean, the floors, walls, &c., being of an easily washed material, and that arrangements should be made for the rapid and efficient removal of excreta.

The King of the Belgians has worked for over thirty years, with the diligence and devotion to routine of a managing bank-clerk, at the task of making Belgium what is called a paying concern. With respect to Antwerp and the seaport business generally his labours have been crowned with a notable success. In the great mining and industrial belt of which Liège is the centre, values of plant and output have been quadrupled in his time, and though there is much discontent at the inequalities of the rewards-distribution, his personal influence has on the whole kept the district in a tolerably peaceful state. Compared with its neighbours, Belgium has done very well. If it is not as rich as Holland, on the other hand comfortable living is twice as cheap, and by contrast with French Flanders Belgium is contented and prosperous.

But in an evil moment a dozen years ago King Leopold conceived the idea of a huge African investment. His relation to and interest in the Congo Free State were nominally personal at the outset; but when he had reached the limit of his own purse in Congo expenses, no one was surprised to learn that in his will Belgium was his heir, and that meanwhile the Belgians were expected to bear a share of the cost. Later on came the open proposition that Belgium should take over the Free State altogether, and the fact that it was declined without excessive thanks has no more rid the country than the King of the burden. The question of the Congo has eaten its way into every department of the Belgian administration; it fills Belgian politics, and upsets one Ministry after another in the Chamber of Deputies. No purely domestic problem gets settled without reference to this African encumbrance. There has been for years, for example, a favourite royal project of reforming the Army system so that rich youths shall no longer be able to escape the conscription by hiring a substitute. After varied experiences this measure is finally thrown out by a clerical majority, and because the King seems disposed to submit to this defeat, the "Indépendance Belge" coolly suggests that he has been "squared" by some promise of assistance in his Congo difficulties.

An interpellation in the Reichstag is hardly the best way of settling the controversy that was raised by Prince Bismarck's revelations regarding the secret treaty with Russia, and Prince Hohenlohe will possibly refuse to reply to it. But it will not be easy to entirely disregard the questions of which the Centre party has given notice for Monday next. The Centre is the dominant party in the Reichstag, and it naturally leans to Austria and is filled with distrust of Russia. If Prince Bismarck and Dr. Windthorst could be restored to the Reichstag, there would be a scene worth travelling all the way to Berlin to see; but Germany has fallen on the day of small men, and anything said in the Reichstag is only likely to provoke further acrimonious and damaging disclosures in the "Hamburger Nachrichten."

At the Lord Mayor's banquet Lord Esher definitely announced that it was his last appearance in the City as Master of the Rolls, so the long-expected promotion of Sir Richard Webster and a general shifting of legal officers may be looked for after Christmas. There are at least half a dozen judges who ought to resign, and there are two or three who in common decency cannot remain after Lord Esher goes; for, although the oldest man on the Bench so far as the tale of years goes, "Rolls" was by no means the oldest in mental or physical weakness. Lord Salisbury has in his time had quite an abnormal amount of promotion to dispense on the Episcopal bench; but at the Law Courts there has been a persistent block. One matter that will be made painfully clear by the coming promotion of the leaders, however, is the dearth of rising talent.

The most interesting item of South African news this week has been the reported decision of the Transvaal Government to claim one million sterling as an indemnity for the Jameson raid. In some quarters the report is disbelieved; but it is possible that the proposed new issue of Chartered Stock has suggested to the astute mind of Mr. Lleyds that an attempt should be made to divert the money into the Boer Treasury. Seeing that the Boers' expenditure in connexion with the raid was estimated by Commandant Joubert at less than £90,000, one might have thought that the £250,000 extracted from the Reform Union leaders in the shape of fines would have satisfied the reasonable expectations of the Transvaal Government. Six months ago President Kruger was accustomed to say that the question of compensation was unimportant, and we hope that he will remain in this mind. If claims are to be made at all, what of our claim against the Boers for that period of their history—now so conveniently overlooked by their supporters—when we rescued them from utter bankruptcy, and provided the means of carrying on the administration of the country? When Mr. Gladstone concluded his Convention with the Boers, was there not a promise on their part to refund the money so expended? If a balance be struck, the indebtedness will not be found on the British side.

## THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

THE habit of self-depreciation has grown so inveterate with Lord Salisbury that his hearers at the Guildhall on Monday night need not have been surprised at the light tone of his speech; but the foreign critics are evidently a little puzzled at the sight of a Foreign Minister apologizing for the "bathos" of having to pass from such an important subject as the American Elections to the settlement of a difficulty which, less than a year ago, threatened to involve his country in a war of incalculable possibilities. Of course it is only a rhetorical trick into which some of our public men have fallen by way of protest against the inflated pomposity of the Gladstonian era, when it was regarded as the correct thing to refer to the most ordinary party manoeuvre as a solemn task undertaken under direct Divine inspiration and guidance; but we are inclined to think that this trick is in danger of being carried a little too far. The Venezuelan and the Armenian difficulties each brought the Empire into a situation of grave danger, a situation in which a rash step might have precipitated a crisis; and if these questions, now happily in a fair way to permanent settlement, are referred to in the usual tone of Lord Salisbury, the lesson of the crisis will be missed, and the country will be liable on the next occasion to go off once more on a false scent. "The tradition of Columbus's egg" is all very well for an after-dinner audience, but it does not contain the whole philosophy of modern diplomacy. "Our course is the old one! full steam ahead!" shouted the German Emperor when he dropped the pilot and took command of the ship on his own account. The result has not been a brilliant success for the young Emperor; and it will be well for us, now that we have avowedly adopted a new diplomatic course, to make sure of our bearings and of the direction in which we want to move.

There were two important developments of the "Columbus's egg" policy in Lord Salisbury's speech, and they are welcome to us. The system of stubborn resistance to the claims of the United States and to the development of Russia has been abandoned. With regard to the latter, Lord Salisbury knows of "no permanent or necessary antagonism" towards a Power which, he has "good grounds for believing, pursues the same object and entertains the same view" about the future of Turkey as does England. As for America, the right of the United States to take part in an arbitration for fixing the boundaries of a South American Republic is admitted by the understanding as regards Venezuela. This is not the Monroe Doctrine, which, as international jurists on both sides of the Atlantic had no difficulty in proving, set forth in its original form no such claim, but a revised and extended Doctrine, first put in diplomatic shape by Mr. Secretary Blaine, by which the Washington Government virtually claims the right of supervision of the whole foreign relations of the American Republics. At present, of course, it simply amounts to a policy of preventing "forcible injustice" on the part of any European Power, but ultimately it must develop, as Mr. Blaine in private conversation did not deny, into a virtual protectorate as regards foreign relations. On the other hand, the United States have tacitly abandoned the preposterous assumption of Mr. Olney's note and Mr. Cleveland's Message, that when any dispute arises the Washington Government has the right to inquire on its own account, issue its decision, and enforce that decision by war. The Venezuelan Commission in the form in which it was announced by President Cleveland is put on the shelf, and we shall hear no more of it. In its place a joint board of arbitration is to be appointed, half by England and half by the United States, with an umpire to decide in case of disagreement. The honours of the game are not badly divided. America wins in the recognition of the right of the Washington Government to intervene as an interested party in a dispute between a European Power and a South American Republic: England wins in the dropping of the Venezuela Commission, which claimed the right not simply to intervene, but to decide. As a further salve to English susceptibilities, the delimitation of the "settled districts" is to be carried out on the principle of prescrip-



tion—settlements established for a period of sixty years are to be excluded from the arbitration and to be indisputably assigned to England. It sounds well, and Lord Salisbury claimed that it had "brought the controversy to an end." If so, it only shows how very slight was the basis of dispute, for it is very certain that none of the English "up river" settlements had even been heard of sixty years ago. Finally, we have in the background the prospect held out of a treaty providing for an extension of the principle of judicial arbitration from the Venezuela dispute to all territorial or other differences between the United States and England. We are no fanatics for arbitration. There are points for which nations will fight and ought to fight, but no such points need ever arise between London and Washington, any more than between Canada and Australia, or between two business firms in the City. Courts and judges are the proper tribunals for any possible disputes in such a case, and Lord Salisbury will have done a good day's work if he provides for such a permanent tribunal.

In the East things are shaping hopefully towards a friendly understanding with Russia. The people who talked about our "landing a few troops" at Constantinople or of operating with our fleet on Lake Van seem at last to have realized what fools they were making of themselves; and the policy of making more tolerable the lot of all the subjects of the Sultan, Mahommedan as well as Christian, is the only one in the field. That England has neither the right nor the duty to take isolated action against Turkey has been abundantly proved from the mouths of such different men as Lord Salisbury, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Rosebery. The main point on which Lord Salisbury deserves to be congratulated is that aimless obstruction in the East or in the West has ceased to be the guiding motive of English diplomacy.

#### ENGLISH COMMERCE AND AMERICAN POLITICS.

THE financial aspect of the McKinley victory has, as is natural, chiefly engrossed attention in this country; yet, after all, it is not the only aspect, and we doubt if it is the most important to ourselves. There is the Tariff question to be considered; and it is a little strange that this should not have attracted a larger share of public interest. True, the monetary question stood foremost in the rival programmes; but it was quite understood that Mr. McKinley was a stalwart champion of the old thoroughgoing Protectionism of the Republican party, and that Mr. Bryan was an apostle of Freer Importation, after the manner of Democrats. Now the difference between McKinley High Protection and Bryan Low Tariff is a very big difference, and means very much to the English manufacturer. Any one who has studied the oscillations in our American trade knows that American tariff alterations mean corresponding alterations, often of momentous extent, in our export. The United States have of late been under a milder fiscal régime, and the recent expansion in many branches of our export trade has been attributable not a little thereto. Under the new Republican Government this policy of more open ports will come to an end, and High Protection will in all probability settle down once more with its old rigour: and that will mean a shrinkage in England's trade. The cabling from New York for five million dollars' worth of European goods immediately after Mr. McKinley's victory was known may perhaps be slightly discounted as the impetuous work of volatile Yankees intoxicated with electoral excitement, seeing that the new President does not assume office till March and his Tariff Bill cannot become an Act for months afterwards. But the fact is full of significance all the same. These merchants knew the ultimate issue of the McKinley victory; they were alive to the rush on European markets which would quickly ensue; and they meant to be first in the field. In consequence of the recent trade revival, the workshops of Europe are so full of orders that in some trades (particularly iron and steel) there are already enough contracts in hand to keep the works busy well into the spring. We may therefore expect that the rush of orders from America for English goods,

for which the last few days have been notable, will be continued some little while longer; that manufacturers will once again be able to think of profits; that the unemployed lists of Trade-Unions will be pleasantly shortened.

So far, so good. But it does not take us far; not farther, let us say, than the middle of next year. And then? By that time we shall probably find, for one thing, that stimulation has induced over-production (signs of which are already becoming apparent, apart from the American boom); at any rate, the winter's orders will have been worked off. We shall also have cause to remember that these special orders were for stock, not immediate consumption, and full stocks and continued demand do not run together for long. Then, on the top of these depressing influences we shall doubtless have a revision of the United States tariff, of such a character that our exports will be seriously checked; while those which maintain their bulk will lose in profitability: for, where there are native industries to compete with, it is on the foreign seller that the impost principally descends. Also, and again notably in the iron and steel trades, there has been of late a big expansion in American manufacture: this expansion will continue, under the certainty that a reduced tariff in competing foreign manufactures is not to be feared, and the virtual certainty that those foreign manufactures will be further penalised; and this expansion of the home manufacture must inevitably mean contraction of our output for the American market. It is not a cheerful prospect, and should go far to mitigate the unrestrained joy which has been expressed in this country at the American Democrats' failure to monetize silver. And the almost equally unrestrained, and much more baseless, joy over our trade prospects consequent on the present inflated demand for our manufactures must surely appear, in the light of sober reflection about the future, to be in the last degree short-sighted and foolish. Instead of casting about for superlative terms wherein to express our self-congratulation, we should be more sanely employed in examining the situation for a chance of release from the serious inconveniences with which it threatens us. The only ground of hope lies in the possibility of Mr. McKinley adopting the Democratic tariff now in force, and stultifying himself by going back on those High Protectionist principles with which his name is more intimately associated than that of any other man in the United States. Some politicians on this side regard such a contingency as probable. Their argument is that the fight was won on the Gold Standard plank, that this question attracted to the Republican banner a number of Low Tariff men, whose views the new President will gratefully respect, and that at worst there is hope in the Senate, should an attempt be made to reimpose the old high duties. It will (to adopt a Yankee's advice) be time to prophesy on these chances when we know something. For the present we will point out to our readers that well-informed advices from New York hold out no hope of a continuance of the existing tariff, but confidently predict a revision and a rise.

It was to be expected that the American Election would produce a crop of journalistic curiosities; but there has surely been no utterance more cryptic and amusing than that with which a "Daily Chronicle" leader concluded its summing-up of the result. Thus runs the marvellous sentence:—"Nothing which could happen would ultimately present so many grave problems for the commercial future of our own country as an America thrown open to Free-trade." This is surely a record achievement. The hope and belief of Cobden's disciples is that the whole world must, sooner or later, follow England's example; and though half a century of waiting is doubtless a severe test to the faith, we scarcely expected that so unflinching a champion of Free Imports as the "Chronicle" would callously abandon the cherished dogma just because, like the rest of us, it has become excited by watching an electoral combat. We had thought, too, that the gravity of the problem for this country's commerce lay in the hostility to our exports which has characterized the fiscal system of the United States. Certainly we should have deemed the removal of that hostility to be in itself the solution of the grave problem: Why on earth should we feel alarm

at the prospect of being able to export freely to a big and growing market? Lastly (to return to our Cobden), Free-trade—so runs the creed—is, like the lovers' parting in the ballad, "best for you and best for me": a blessing to all who partake in it. And of a truth, if Free-trade be of any use at all, it can only be beneficial to one country—England, as it happens—when other countries adopt it likewise, and make the freedom reciprocal. Our Cobdenite friends are getting mixed.

#### THE SNOBBERY OF IT.

##### II.

ANOTHER Lord Mayor's Show has come and gone, and it brings me the regret of having given Alderman and Sheriff Ritchie "the benefit of the doubt," for looming big on his carriage panels was the "unicorn's head issuant from a ducal coronet," to which I was aware his brother laid a claim. On the footmen's cocked hats it could have easily been distinguished many yards away; it takes a City Alderman to make use of so monstrous a thing. One only wonders that the chariot was not draped and be-ribboned with the tartan of the clan. Had I the opportunity of carefully examining the banners one by one, and year by year, my list would double and treble its length. But they pass so rapidly that it is difficult to distinguish the escutcheons so gaudily depicted upon them. Mr. William Martin Bickerstaff's banner caught my eye, and the "sable a cross crosslet argent" and the ramping unicorn and sun in splendour cannot possibly appertain to him of right. A banner was advertised to appear in the procession showing the "arms of Mr. J. Griffin." I failed to notice it actually carried, though doubtless it is the same one I made a note of two or three years ago. The arms were those of the Lords Braybrooke when they bore the name of Griffin. I have tried, and failed, to find Mr. J. Griffin, Past Master of the Shipwrights' Company, included in Lord Braybrooke's pedigree. To present a banner of one's personal arms which is flaunted along the highway for all the world to gaze and wonder at is such a superfluous piece of egotism that criticism is irresistibly invited. And here it may be noted that the arms which have been pressed into the service of the Spectacle Makers' Company are a matter of pure invention and private adventure. From another quarter I have obtained information which enables me to place Mr. E. Dennie Ellis in the list of civic delinquents.

But the most ridiculous of all the examples of armorial display which I have gleaned from the Corporation is that of Mr. Walter Radclyffe Horncastle, the advertising agent. Twelve months ago I saw his notepaper. He was then making use of the complete armorial achievement intact of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart., including Sir Joseph's mark of cadency and his badge as a Baronet. Bearing in mind that Sir Joseph Radcliffe bears the name and arms of Radcliffe in lieu of Pickford only by virtue of a Royal Licence dated in 1795, does Mr. Walter Radclyffe Horncastle claim relationship? If so, half a hundred pedigrees are at hand to refute him. Many things happen in a twelvemonth, and amongst others Mr. Horncastle now uses different stationery. As far as the quality of his notepaper goes the change is not for the better; possibly this is a "set off" to the largely increased size of the escutcheon. What more he will have assumed by this time twelve months I am waiting to see, but this enlarged escutcheon now is partly per pale azure and argent. The shield is charged with a garter bearing the motto "Virtus propter se," the field within the garter being gules, and (also within the garter) upon a wreath is placed a crest, a wolf's head erased. Above the garter is an inescutcheon charged with the hand of Ulster, which is as I indicate above the badge of a Baronet. Only those persons who have a knowledge of Armory will fully appreciate the gorgeous imbecility of this display. I simply ask how on earth Mr. Horncastle can have deluded himself into the belief that he is a Baronet or a Knight of the Garter. Who could have concocted this grotesque design? Above the escutcheon is a coronet, which, by the way, I believe is not the coronet even of a Portuguese viscount. When will it be properly understood that arms are a matter of strict inheritance or definite grant,

and that Patents of Gentility, acts of grace and favour from the Crown, are not given away gratis in a stationer's or banner-painter's shop? Why cannot these civic dignitaries accept their true positions of "glorified" tradesmen, and leave the emblems of gentlemen alone unless they have a legal title for their use?

I hope as opportunity offers to return to the Corporation and the City Commission of Lieutenancy, but let us leave them for a while and go a step higher in the social scale. I once had the honour of receiving a letter from Sir Somers Vine. As a curiosity I treasured it and do so still. The notepaper bears a crest which does not belong to Sir Somers, and which must simply have been annexed to his use without enquiry. But even that interesting fact would not have saved the letter from my waste-paper basket. The chief charm lay in the envelope. This was perfectly plain except that it bore upon it, beautifully engraved, the private personal badge of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Sir Somers Vine need not go to the trouble of explaining that it might have been a Colonial Institute envelope, upon which I know the Prince of Wales's plume is displayed with other ornament. I know those envelopes well. And I don't fancy the Colonial Institute stationery is of quite such exquisite quality as was that envelope, nor can I see what use the Colonial Institute can have for envelopes of "Albert" size with the Prince's feathers drawn in the peculiar (though strictly accurate) manner which H.R.H. is known personally to adopt. Does Sir Somers always use the three ostrich feathers on his personal correspondence? And another of the Prince of Wales's satellites, Sir Dighton Probyn, ought to put his house in order. No doubt tempted by the similarity of name, he makes use of Lord Carysfort's crest. But Lord Carysfort's name is Proby, and not Probyn, and his family do not appear to have ever deviated from the name of Proby as far back as his published pedigree goes.

A flagrant case of pure assumption is perpetuated over the gateway at Avery Hill, Eltham. Knowing the late Colonel North's character, one is more inclined to blame his advisers than himself for sticking up the six-foot high escutcheon of the arms of the old Nottinghamshire family of North of Walkeringham, which is believed to be long ago extinct in the male line. What likelihood was there of any descent being established? I do not know whether or not Lord Durham makes use of the three crests with which "Burke's Peerage" credits him, but if this be the case he would be well advised to spare a little of his time and attention from Jockey Club abuses to satisfy himself of the fact that one and one only of right appertains to him. And if his acquaintance with the Messrs. Tattersall is sufficiently intimate, he might take it upon himself to suggest that the gateway of their emporium would be improved by the removal of the escutcheon of the ancient family of Tettershall of Finchampstead.

Mr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg, Colonel Saunderson, Colonel Nolan, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, Mr. Patrick Joseph O'Brien, Mr. H. W. Paul, the brothers Redmond, and Mr. Tritton are all in the same boat as far as their heraldic pretensions go, which in each case are void of legal authority. But I purpose returning to these gentlemen at greater length in a future number. It is my present intention to deal from week to week and somewhat extensively with the escutcheons which appear in Debrett's "House of Commons and Judicial Bench."

Mr. Gatti, who runs the noted restaurant in the Strand, has made a law unto himself. They may do so in Switzerland, but in no other country that I am aware of do they depict as he does, on his brougham, the crest and helmet side by side. The usual place for the crest is on top of the helmet. Where the crest itself came from is a matter Mr. Gatti can alone disclose.

Lord Egerton of Tatton likewise makes laws unto himself. The present Baroness (by birth a Graham-Montgomery), as all the world knows, is the widow of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. The Graham-Montgomery arms have been waived and his Lordship impales the arms of the late Duke.

Sir Douglas Fox heads his notepaper with the crest of Lord Ilchester, and I know of no relationship. Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., has fallen into a ludicrous mis-



take. Lord Shaftesbury bears the arms of Ashley and Cooper quarterly, but for certain reasons, hardly necessary to here explain at length, he bears the arms of Ashley in the first and fourth quarters and Cooper in the second and third, instead of *vice versa*, as is usual. And though the escutcheon itself is well enough known, the arms of Ashley in the first quarter are generally supposed by the outer world to be those of the Earl's Cooper ancestors. It is the Ashley arms which Mr. Sidney Cooper uses, to the great amusement of those who know. When any one of the name of Wilson first "sports" a crest, the odds are about 3 to 1 that a certain particular crest gets appropriated, namely "a demi-wolf rampant or." Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson, to whom it *does* belong, and whose surname, by the way, is Wilson, and *not* Maryon-Wilson, has probably had the doubtful pleasure of seeing his ancestral crest decorating a good many different people's belongings. If he visits Warter Abbey, he has, no doubt, seen it there in use; but Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P. for Hull, and his elder brother of Tranby Croft, might spend many a year fruitlessly in endeavouring to prove a right to it; and as matters stand their motto "Pro Legibus et Regibus" is simply a delicious piece of sarcasm.

Sir Donald Macfarlane evidently takes the old proverb to heart that one may as well be "hanged for a sheep as for a lamb." Not content to stay his hand at arms and crest, and few care to go further than that, he figured in the 1895 edition of Debrett's "House of Commons" in the full-blown glory of supporters. General Sir Richard Harrison makes use of the arms of the ancient family of Harrison of Aldcliffe, who are far from being ancestors of Sir Richard's.

We wonder what the "Star" or the "Daily News" would have given to know that the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain laid claim to arms (and to arms for which he had no authority) at that point in his career when no gibe was too merciless or too scathing to be made use of. In the 1895 edition of Debrett's "House of Commons" both the Rt. Hon. Joseph and his son Austen figured with escutcheons opposite their names, and a coronetted crest, I know, was resplendent in scarlet on the Highbury notepaper. A Radical dearly loves a lord, and has the same affection for a crest. A letter I saw, however, a week or two ago from Mr. Chamberlain was without a crest, and in the 1896 edition of Debrett the escutcheons have both disappeared. Probably some kind friend has interfered with wholesome, if unpalatable, advice. The motto used to be "Je tiens ferme," but the Chamberlain family hardly seem to have held very firmly either to their armorial claims or to their political opinions. But doesn't Mr. Chamberlain consider that a genuine and legal crest would be more in keeping with his present social position? One last example, and I have finished for this week. Mr. Llewellyn Archer Atherley Jones, M.P., calls himself a Radical. He hyphens the names of Atherley and Jones into a double surname, and has no Royal Licence to legalize such a practice. He bears a shield of four quarters. The ancient Welsh coat-of-arms (party per pale azure and gules, three lions rampant argent) belonging to the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke, Powis, and Carnarvon, and to the Vaughans of Courtfield, apparently suits him well enough for Jones. A quartering "argent, on a bend azure three lozenges of the field" no doubt stands for Atherley in the second quarter. For whom Lord Derby's arms in the third quarter, or Lord Valentia's in the fourth, stand I know not; but four quarterings (three of which are taken from the Peerage), two crests (which are both illegal), and a double name (to which he has no right) strike one as being somewhat an extensive claim for a Radical whose armorial pretensions are destitute of any vestige of authority.

X.

P.S.—Since the publication of the first article of this series I have been informed that during the current year Alderman Faudel-Phillips has obtained a Patent of arms, which of course relegates him from the category of present to that of past delinquents. I am aware of the exact date of the Alderman's patent—the patent was obtained since the article was originally written. Before writing it I had on three separate and

widely distant occasions made inquiry at the College of Arms as to whether Mr. Faudel-Phillips had any right to arms, receiving on each occasion the reply "Nothing recorded." The only alteration I would wish to make in my former article is the substitution of "was satisfied" in lieu of "is satisfied"; for his present squirrel with the "charges" and additions which have been introduced to make it a new crest have changed it to a different creature from that to which I referred, and which decorates a letter from the Alderman in my possession. But this new grant does not alter the fact that his father had no legal arms either as Sheriff or Lord Mayor, and that Mr. Faudel-Phillips was also destitute of arms as Sheriff. The patent had been better obtained thirty years ago, before a pretence to arms was made. I congratulate the Lord Mayor on his recent gentility, and trust his example will be widely followed in the Corporation.

X.

#### THE SANCTITY OF STATE SECRETS.

THE quasi-moral, as distinct from the political, comments of the European Press in general on the "Bismarck revelations" would lead the ordinary student of journalistic literature to suppose that the sanctity of State secrets had never before been violated. The error on his part would be quite pardonable, for he is not bound to keep the contents of his mental storehouse—what we call memory—docketed and indexed up to date. It is not quite so pardonable on the part of the learned editors and reputedly well-informed leader writers whom the public tacitly entrusts with the mental custody of historical events and incidents to be produced when the need for their display arises. A commercial establishment in which the old as well as the new stock is not so systematically classified as to admit of the instantaneous production of this or that pattern inevitably courts unfavourable comparison with its more methodical rivals, and runs, moreover, the risk of being deserted by its erstwhile patrons, and eventually has to put its shutters up.

And history, after all, is only a warehouse full of parallels and precedents; for "whatever happens in it, has happened before," as a rabbi of mediæval Toledo said. But we should not let our ignorance of the past betray us into undue surprise at the present; if we do, we shall get old designs foisted on us as new ones, and knowing ones will laugh at us as dupes.

Theoretically, the divulging of a State secret by the statesman to whom it was confided or who shared in its making is a very serious crime. Practically, the offence has been committed again and again, not only with impunity, but with the unmistakable applause of those who profited by the revelation or who saw in it the means for indulging in long pent-up resentment against an adversary, a former ally whom circumstances had estranged, or an erstwhile collaborateur who had lost favour. In 1867 the "Pall Mall" published a letter written by Napoleon III. a few weeks after Sadowa, to the Marquis de la Valette, who was then, if my memory does not mislead me, Foreign Minister *ad interim*. The epistle was practically an indictment of Drouyn de Lhuys for his attitude previous to the outbreak of the Prusso-Austrian War. La Valette, Benedetti, and Plon-Plon were known to uphold the disastrous and finally fatal principle of "nationalities," which Drouyn de Lhuys consistently, energetically, and ably opposed. How did the "Pall Mall" become possessed of the letter? The reply was obvious, even if it had not been practically suggested in a protest from Drouyn de Lhuys to the Emperor himself. "This, Sire, is the truth," he wrote, "and I should regret its being distorted in any way by comments attributing to your Majesty as well as to myself a rôle unworthy of either of us."

There is no need to insist here on the publication in book form of "State Secrets," by M. Rothan, the French Minister to the Hanseatic cities up to 14 July, 1870. The "Souvenirs Diplomatiques" are simply a masterly amplification of the late Envoy's correspondence while he was serving his country in Germany and Italy. And did not the National Assembly of 1871 itself worry MM. Benedetti and De Gramont, but especially the latter, for their private documents, ostensibly

for the purpose of elucidating the causes of the Franco-German War, but in reality to discredit still further the Imperial régime which the men of the 4th September had ousted. I have no wish to extol British statesmen and diplomatists worthy of the name at the expense of their Continental fellows, but they "fight fair," do not kick their adversaries when they are down, and never attempt to prove previous convictions against them in order to influence the world's verdict. The Puritan leaders, narrow-minded as they were, did not insult Charles I. in his grave; whereas the Jacobins seemed never weary of insulting the memory of Louis XVI. What more natural than that the Jacobins of 1871 should have followed suit by raking up State secrets? Bismarck, who had called them "knights of the pavement," had virtually set them the example; for what, if not the raking up of a State secret, was the publication of the famous "draft treaty" concerning Belgium before his adversary had stripped for the Franco-German War?

But Bismarck did not like to be hoisted with his own petard, and still less to see this petard manipulated by a simple mortal. And in those days Bismarck was a god, and the rest were simple mortals:

"Ce qui, chez les mortels, est une effronterie,  
Entre nous autres demi-dieux  
N'est qu'honnête galanterie."

Thus wrote the Duchesse du Maine, and translated into vulgar language it means that in all things the demi-god may steal the horse while the simple mortal is not as much as allowed to peep over the hedge. What then was Bismarck's surprise when a simple mortal, named Alfonso Ferraro de La Marmora, took to divulging State Secrets in his turn, and conclusively proved that Napoleon III., although unquestionably the chief culprit in the contemplated annexation of Belgium, had been virtually instigated thereto by that sublimated *agent provocateur*, Otto von Bismarck. Naturally enough, the *agent provocateur* swore, and raved, and foamed at the mouth, as all *agents provocateurs* are apt to do when found out, and called his accuser a liar, forger, and many things besides; but La Marmora stuck to his text and deposited the report of the deceased General Govonne, on which La Marmora's indictment was based, and which was La Marmora's personal property, at the office of Notary Fratocchi's, and invited all those who liked to come and see it. The Italian Government, which at that time dared not call its soul its own where Germany was concerned, and which even to-day appears to have considerable doubts on the subject, intervened by passing a Bill making the publication of such documents an offence punishable with one year's imprisonment.

Then came the indictment of Count Harry von Arnim. The reader is not bound to remember these things in their minute particulars; the journalist is. The erstwhile German Ambassador in Paris was accused of having abstracted from the archives of the Embassy a number of documents the property of the State. Lest the accused should publish part or the whole of these missing papers, the Chancellor flung the whole of the correspondence to which they belonged into the Court. "You call her a liar, mother, before she calls you one," said that clever music-hall artist, the late Jenny Hill, in one of her character sketches. Bismarck resorted to the trick before her. I do not condemn his sharp practice; I only ask what became of the boasted "Sanctity of State Secrets"?

And what of Bismarck's numberless revelations since then? What about his brazen-faced story of the telegram sent to the Press on the 13th July, 1870, and purposely falsified, with "Roon and Moltke looking on," in order to hasten a war between France and Germany? What about his account of the interview between Kaiser Wilhelm II. and himself when the former came to ask him to resign? What about his interviews with Beyer, Maximilian Harden, Hans Blum and others, in which he practically played the part of the Scotch parson who refused to sully his lips with a certain ribald song, but who offered his congregation to let his clerk whistle it to them?

Enough. If Bismarck returned to power to-morrow, we should get all the stock arguments in favour of the "Sanctity of State Secrets" over again. If taxed with

his own misdoings in this respect, he might well adopt the paradoxical defence of Chodruc-Dulos in 1830. The Royalist vagabond, disgusted with the bad marksmanship of the Republicans, scaled one of the barricades, snatched up a rifle, and laid four or five soldiers low. "Go on, go on," was the cry. "I can't go on," was the answer; "I belong to the other side; I merely wanted to show you how to do it. Mind, the better you *do* it, the greater risk you run of being guillotined, shot, or, to say the least, transported; but that's not my look out, I merely wished to show you how to do it."

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

D'ALBERT.

MANY years ago Mr. D'Albert, with youthful impetuosity, said what he thought about our English musicians and music-teachers; and what he thought happened to be the precise truth. Therefore from that day to this the baser part of the English Press has not ceased to abuse him; and splenetic bank-clerks still write recklessly mendacious articles about him in papers which I have shown in these columns to be lying and thoroughly untrustworthy. Still, Mr. D'Albert has not done so badly for himself, despite the despicable cowardice of this opposition. Had he been a journalist he might easily have suffered greater annoyance. Publishing firms would have offered his editors untold advertisements on condition of his being immediately dismissed, and have sent libellous messages about him to those editors who proved unbribable. Mr. E. F. Jacques would have poured upon him the floods of moral indignation he now reserves for those who were his friends in the old days when he edited the "Musical World" and used to lash Mr. Joseph Bennett in its columns, but who had the misfortune to lose his friendship about the time that some editors came to the conclusion that they were better critics than he. These things, and some others concerning which I may some day speak my mind, Mr. D'Albert has escaped simply because he is a pianist instead of a critic, and because he has lived in Germany instead of in England. He has conquered all round; he is lord of the situation. And this is very delightful; but I wish that Mr. D'Albert, by lately writing to Mr. Schulz-Curtius to the effect that we are not quite so bad as he thought, had not given the Philistines an opportunity of saying he had changed his mind about us; and above all I wish he had not agreed to play for nothing at the Philharmonic Circus. When he said one could learn nothing of music in England—nothing of singing, nothing even of piano-playing—he only uttered a general truth in a hasty manner. To those who remind me of our great music-schools I put the question: Can you mention one really distinguished musician who has come out of those establishments; is there a piano-player or singer who has not found it necessary sooner or later to go abroad to learn the elements of his art? Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Leonard Borwick, Miss Clara Butt, to mention only three: did they go abroad merely for the fun of going, would they have gone if it had been possible to learn what they wanted in London? When Mr. D'Albert went to Germany in his youth he discovered that there were a few real enthusiasts there; and the enthusiast is an unknown creature in our schools of music. In Mr. Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" there is one terrible page. Jude, in trouble, goes to pour forth his whole soul to the composer of a "strangely emotional" hymn; and (not being a critic) finds to his infinite amazement that the composer sees no money in music and is going into the wine-trade instead. How well I know that composer! He has not given up music, however; he has found a way of getting money out of it; I could tell you the address in Oxford Street where he retails his wares or the days on which he teaches in one or another of the London music-schools; I could tell you where he may be found in many cathedral towns. He swarms all over the face of England; he is a curse; and his organ is "Musical News." Of course he rules the Philharmonic Circus. Why on earth Mr. D'Albert should give his services gratuitously to this concern I cannot guess; for he must know well enough that it is anything rather than an artistic institution; and moreover it



ought to be wealthy. If the condition of Queen's Hall on Philharmonic nights represents as much money as it would represent on any other night, and the Philharmonic Circus is as poor as it claims to be, then there must be mismanagement somewhere, or something worse than mismanagement. If its crowded state merely means that it is liberally papered, then of course there is nothing more to be said—excepting perhaps that as this would show the Philharmonic Circus to be superfluous, the present guarantors would do well to withdraw their guarantees and let the thing die the death it has long deserved. I can understand the anxiety of quite fameless foreign artists to play there without receiving a fee (for it gives them some advertisement); but there is no reason in the world why Mr. D'Albert should assist in prolonging its dying agonies. Let no one imagine my attitude towards the Philharmonic Circus to be the result of temper or small personal bias. Mr. Fuller Maitland is usually a calm and impartial critic; yet he lately wrote about the Philharmonic Circus with a directness and undisguised contempt to which I only rise when some favourite masterpiece of mine has been massacred there. The Philharmonic Circus represents all that is vilest, most deleterious, in English music; and it is loathed not merely by such forward spirits as Mr. Fuller Maitland and myself, but by every honest musician and critic in Europe.

I have discussed Mr. D'Albert's views on English music at this length, firstly because they are quite as interesting as his piano-playing; secondly because those who pretend to think least of him are (in consequence of that unlucky letter to Mr. Schulz-Curtius) shouting loudest that he has changed his views and has testified to the great merits of our English musicians—an entirely false statement, as may be seen by any person of intelligence who reads the letter. But interesting as he is as a critic, as a pianist he demands careful study and criticism. When he played at a Mottl concert earlier in the year he made the worst possible impression upon me. German friends had told me he was more than a coming man—was the only man who had actually come since Bülow; and naturally my disappointment was keen enough when he played a wretched arrangement of a Bach organ-fugue so muddily, and a Beethoven concerto with so little emotion, so little colour. At his subsequent recitals he did better; but I must confess that not then, and certainly not at his recital on Saturday last, did he strike me as a second Bülow. I see no indications of the sheer brain, of the marvellous insight, which enabled Bülow to annotate the Beethoven sonatas in a fashion which no pianist has dared to disregard since. At the same time I do see brain far in excess of the ordinary pianist's, and even a little in excess of Paderewski's. But it does not so far exceed Paderewski's as to compensate for a total lack of Paderewski's original emotion and trick of seeing things in distinctive colours, of seeing things as they have never been seen before. I should say his intellect was decidedly of the blunt order—of the sort that grasps firmly the obvious thing, but cannot penetrate beneath the surface and fetch to light things as yet unheard of. His perceptions curiously want the fineness to enable him to apprehend, and appreciate the value of, the remote elusive ragged fringes of the fugitive thought that is half thought and half emotion. And this, which may be felt even in his playing of Beethoven, is only too plain in his Chopin playing. It is all in vain that he caresses the keyboard with the utmost tenderness, fetching out deliciously sweet tones, or that he phrases with exquisite perfection: never for a second does he give you the true Chopin atmosphere—that mysteriously voluptuous yet pungent, almost sweetly acid, fragrance that has far more to do with the making of the modern spirit—and especially the modern spirit as one finds it in "The Yellow Book," "The Savoy" and the stories of John Oliver Hobbes—than at first one is inclined to think. His version of Chopin is to Paderewski's as a finely finished photograph to a Whistler painting; or as the bald London streets under the sunlight at midday to the scarlets and greens of a rich country-side under a glowing sunset. His very health, his sanity, common sense, and freedom from morbidness, the very

depth of his purely human feeling, all go to prevent him fetching out of Chopin's music the peculiar Chopinesque quality which is its sole justification. Even his touch is against him; for it is broad, square-toed, devoid of delicate incisiveness—in a word, it, like Mr. D'Albert himself, is somewhat lacking in subtlety; and without subtlety—subtlety of feeling, subtle instincts, even more than subtlety of thought—no man may play Chopin. I hesitate before saying he lacks temperament; for in the Beethoven sonata (in E flat, op. 31) he gave us many divine passages; and though in Beethoven the pianist is not thrown back entirely upon his temperament as in Chopin, but can get results by bringing into play his purely human feeling, his sense of architectural proportion, his very knowledge of Beethoven's life-history, yet without temperament of a sort even these things and a high degree of intellect will not entirely carry him through. In listening to the sonata I sometimes wondered whether D'Albert has really more temperament than he chooses to let us think, and is merely temporarily smitten with the notion of playing intellectually rather than emotionally. In the second movement he let himself go, and nothing lovelier has ever been heard. On the other hand, in the first movement he seemed too anxious to explain Beethoven's meaning to us. With either a little more brain and less feeling, or a little less brain and more feeling, he would not have spoiled the opening by exaggerating the *rallentando* (bars 3-6) and then—with a view of making the meaning clear—going off so skittishly at bar 7.

All this may sound like running Mr. D'Albert down, and I must therefore beg the intelligent reader to note that it is really setting him up. I only find Mr. D'Albert wanting when compared with the greatest. It is true I place him beneath Paderewski as a Chopin player; but as a Beethoven player I place him above all his rivals. In point of technique he comes easily first; for Rosenthal's sheer ox strength is not in itself technique; and Mr. D'Albert does more difficult feats with greater ease, certainty and clearness than Rosenthal or any other pianist now before the public. Most virtuosos have a little of the charlatan about them—they make the most of their difficulties and try to make easy passages sound very complicated indeed. But of the charlatan D'Albert has absolutely nothing: he is absolutely honest and free of affectations.

J. F. R.

#### BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

"Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies." By George Grove, C.B. London and New York: Novello, Ewer & Co. 1896.

ON cold Saturday afternoons in winter, as I sit in the theatrical desert, making my bread with great bitterness by chronicling insignificant plays and criticizing incompetent players, it sometimes comes upon me that I have forgotten something—omitted something—missed some all-important appointment. This is a legacy from my old occupation of musical critic. All my old occupations leave me such legacies. When I was in my teens I had certain official duties to perform, which involved every day the very strict and punctual discharge of certain annual payments, which were set down in a perpetual diary. I sometimes dream now that I am back at those duties again, but with an amazed consciousness of having allowed them to fall into ruinous arrear for a long time past. My Saturday afternoon misgivings are just like that. They mean that for several years I passed those afternoons in that section of the gallery of the Crystal Palace concert-room which is sacred to Sir George Grove and to the Press. There were two people there who never grew older—Beethoven and Sir George. August Manns's hair changed from raven black to swan white as the years passed; young critics grew middle-aged and middle-aged critics grew old; Rossini lost caste and was shouldered into the promenade; the fire-new overture to *Tannhäuser* began to wear as threadbare as "William Tell"; Arabella Goddard went and Sophie Menter came; Joachim, Hallé, Norman Neruda and Santley no longer struck the rising generations with the old sense of belonging to to-morrow, like Isaye, Paderewski

and Bispham; the men whom I had shocked as an iconoclastic upstart Wagnerian, braying derisively when they observed that "the second subject, appearing in the key of the dominant, contrasts effectively with its predecessor, not only in tonality, but by its suave, melodious character," lived to see me shocked and wounded in my turn by the audacities of J. F. R.; new evening papers launched into musical criticism, and were read publicly by Mr. Smith, the eminent drummer, whenever he had fifty bars rest; a hundred trifles marked the flight of time; but Sir George Grove fed on Beethoven's symphonies as the gods in "Das Rheingold" fed on the apples of Freia, and grew no older. Sometimes, when Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony, or Schubert's Ninth in C, were in the program, he got positively younger, clearing ten years backward in as many minutes when Manns and the band were at their best. I remonstrated with him more than once on this unnatural conduct; and he was always extremely apologetic, assuring me that he was getting on as fast as he could. He even succeeded in producing a wrinkle or two under stress of Berlioz and Raff, Liszt and Wagner; but presently some pianist would come along with the concerto in E flat; and then, if I sat next him, strangers would say to me, "Your son, sir, appears to be a very enthusiastic musician." And I could not very well explain that the real bond between us was the fact that Beethoven never ceased to grow on us. In my personality, my views, and my style of criticism there was so much to forgive that many highly amiable persons never quite succeeded in doing it. To Sir George I must have been a positively obnoxious person, not in the least because I was on the extreme left in politics and other matters, but because I openly declared that the finale of Schubert's symphony in C could have been done at half the length and with twice the effect by Rossini. But I knew Beethoven's symphonies from the opening bar of the first to the final chord of the ninth, and yet made new discoveries about them at every fresh performance. And I am convinced that "G" regarded this as evidence of a fundamental rectitude in me which would bear any quantity of superficial aberrations. Which is quite my own opinion too.

It may be asked why I have just permitted myself to write of so eminent a man as Sir George Grove by his initial. That question would not have been asked thirty years ago, when "G," the rhapsodist who wrote the Crystal Palace programs, was one of the best ridiculed men in London. At that time the average programmist would unblushingly write, "Here the composer, by one of those licenses which are, perhaps, permissible under exceptional circumstances to men of genius, but which cannot be too carefully avoided by students desirous of forming a legitimate style, has abruptly introduced the dominant seventh of the key of C major into the key of A flat, in order to recover, by a forced modulation, the key relationship proper to the second subject of a movement in F—an awkward device which he might have spared himself by simply introducing his second subject in its true key of C." "G," who was "no musician," cultivated this style in vain. His most conscientious attempts at it never brought him any nearer than "The lovely melody then passes, by a transition of remarkable beauty, into the key of C major, in which it seems to go straight up to heaven." Naturally the average Englishman was profoundly impressed by the inscrutable learning of the first style (which I could teach to a poodle in two hours), and thought "G's" obvious sentimentality idiotic. It did not occur to the average Englishman that perhaps Beethoven's symphonies were an affair of sentiment and nothing else. This, of course, was the whole secret of them. Beethoven was the first man who used music with absolute integrity as the expression of his own emotional life. Others had shown how it could be done—had done it themselves as a curiosity of their art in rare, self-indulgent, *unprofessional* moments—but Beethoven made this, and nothing else, his business. Stupendous as the resultant difference was between his music and any other ever heard in the world before his time, the distinction is not clearly apprehended to this day, because there was nothing new in the musical expression of emotion:

every progression in Bach is sanctified by emotion; and Mozart's subtlety, delicacy, and exquisite tender touch and noble feeling were the despair of all the musical world. But Bach's theme was not himself, but his religion; and Mozart was always the dramatist and story-teller, making the men and women of his imagination speak, and dramatizing even the instruments in his orchestra, so that you know their very sex the moment their voices reach you. Haydn really came nearer to Beethoven, for he is neither the praiser of God nor the dramatist, but, always within the limits of good manners and of his primary function as a purveyor of formal decorative music, a man of moods. This is how he created the symphony and put it ready-made into Beethoven's hand. The revolutionary giant at once seized it, and, throwing supernatural religion, conventional good manners, dramatic fiction, and all external standards and objects into the lumber room, took his own humanity as the material of his music, and expressed it all without compromise, from his roughest jocularity to his holiest aspiration after that purely human reign of intense life—of "Freude"—when

"Alle Menschen werden Brüder  
Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt."

In thus fearlessly expressing himself, he has, by his common humanity, expressed us as well, and shown us how beautifully, how strongly, how trustworthily we can build with our own real selves. This is what is proved by the immense superiority of the Beethoven symphony to any oratorio or opera.

In this light all Beethoven's work becomes clear and simple; and the old nonsense about his obscurity and eccentricity and stage sublimity and so on explains itself as pure misunderstanding. His criticisms, too, become quite consistent and inevitable: for instance, one is no longer tempted to resent his declaration that Mozart wrote nothing worth considering but parts of "Die Zauberflöte" (those parts, perhaps, in which the beat of "dein sanfter Flügel" is heard), and to retort upon him by silly comparisons of his tunes with "Non più andrai" and "Deh vieni alla finestra." The man who wrote the Eighth symphony has a right to rebuke the man who put his raptures of elation, tenderness, and nobility into the mouths of a drunken libertine, a silly peasant girl, and a conventional fine lady, instead of confessing them to himself, glorying in them, and uttering them without motley as the universal inheritance.

I must not make "G" responsible for my own opinions; but I leave it to his old readers whether his huge success as a program writer was not due to the perfect simplicity with which he seized and followed up this clue to the intention of Beethoven's symphonies. He seeks always for the mood, and is not only delighted at every step by the result of his search, but escapes quite easily and unconsciously from the boggling and blundering of the men who are always wondering why Beethoven did not do what any professor would have done. He is always joyous, always successful, always busy and interesting, never tedious even when he is superfluous (not that the adepts ever found him so), and always as pleased as Punch when he is not too deeply touched. Sometimes, of course, I do not agree with him. Where he detects anger in the Eighth symphony, I find nothing but boundless, thundering elation. In his right insistence on the jocular element in the symphonies, I think he is occasionally led by his personal sense that octave skips on the bassoon and drum are funny to conclude too hastily that Beethoven was always joking when he used them. And I will fight with him to the death on the trio of the Eighth symphony, maintaining passionately against him and against all creation that those cello arpeggios which steal on tiptoe round the theme so as not to disturb its beauty are only "fidgety" when they are played "à la Mendelssohn," and that they are perfectly tender and inevitable when they are played "à la Wagner." The passage on this point in Wagner's essay on Conducting is really not half strong enough; and when "G" puts it down to "personal bias" and Wagner's "poor opinion of Mendelssohn," it is almost as if some one had accounted in the same way for Beethoven's opinion of Mozart. Wagner



was almost as fond of Mendelssohn's music as "G" is; but he had suffered unbearably, as we all have, from the tradition established by Mendelssohn's conducting of Beethoven's symphonies. Mendelssohn's music is all *nervous* music: his allegros, expressing only excitement and impetuosity without any ground, have fire and motion without substance. Therefore the conductor must, above all things, *keep them going*; if he breaks their lambent flight to dwell on any moment of them, he is lost. With Beethoven the longer you dwell on any moment the more you will find in it. Provided only you do not sacrifice his splendid energetic rhythm and masterly self-possessed emphasis to a maudlin pre-occupation with his feeling, you cannot possibly play him too sentimentally; for Beethoven is no reserved gentleman, but a man proclaiming the realities of life. Consequently, when for generations they played Beethoven's allegros exactly as it is necessary to play the overture to "Ruy Blas," or "Stone him to death"—a practice which went on until Wagner's righteous ragings stopped it—our performances of the symphonies simply spoiled the tempers of those who really understood them. For the sake of redeeming that lovely trio from "fidgetiness," "G" must let us face this fact even at the cost of admitting that Wagner was right where Mendelssohn was wrong.

But though it is possible thus to differ here and there from "G," he is never on the wrong lines. He is always the true musician: that is, the man the professors call "no musician"—just what they called Beethoven himself. It is delightful to have all the old programs bound into a volume, with the quotations from the score all complete, and the information brought up to date, and largely supplemented. It is altogether the right sort of book about the symphonies, made for practical use in the concert-room under the stimulus of a heartfelt need for bringing the public to Beethoven. I hope it will be followed by another volume or two dealing with the pianoforte concertos—or say with the G, the E flat, the choral fantasia, and the three classical violin concertos: Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Brahms. And then a Schubert-Mendelssohn-Schumann volume. Why, dear G, should these things be hidden away in old concert programs which never circulate beyond Sydenham?

G. B. S.

## MONEY MATTERS.

THE course of the Money Market during the past week has been a very uneventful one. A week ago there was a pretty strong demand for call money at 4 per cent., but the tendency was easy. The occurrence of the Stock Exchange Settlement hardened the rate again, so that at the time of writing it was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  with a strong tendency. Discount rates are rather stronger, and the inference would therefore appear to be that the experts in the Money Market do not expect an early reduction in the value of money. The Reserve of the Bank of England shows an increase on balance, but it is not a large one, and the course of the Foreign Exchanges does not point to much cheaper money in the near future. During the week the Bank Directors had to take into consideration there was a net efflux of gold amounting to £228,000. What went out was almost exclusively for Egypt—a marked contrast to the previous week, when three-fifths were for the United States.

Amongst Foreign Government stock, Spanish Fours and Bulgarian Sixes still defy all known canons of valuation. Spanish seem literally to thrive on hostile rumours and disasters. The news of a reverse in Cuba or a fresh outbreak in the Philippines or the prospect of war with the United States invariably sends Spanish up. It is not unlikely that the United States will interfere between Cuba and Spain, as they have interfered between Great Britain and Venezuela. It is certain that the new internal Spanish loan is most of it spent in advance, and what is left will carry the Government but a very little way in the enormous expenses of their colonial policy. Yet Spanish have actually risen in the last week, and are now in the region of 58. As for Bulgarians, the anxiety felt in Germany as to the

solvency of the Principality is, perhaps, the best criterion of their ridiculous elevation in the nineties.

In Foreign Rails Mexicans continue a fairly good, though not an exciting, market. The Mexican pool restores the *status quo ante*, and a Mexican boom is now merely a question of time. The prosperity of the country is advancing by leaps and bounds, and Mexican Ordinary may soon be restored to their former position among the forties. Costa Rica Railway Second Debentures, which three weeks ago we backed at 70 as a bank-note buy, are now quoted 79 to 81. As they pay 6 per cent., as their coffee traffic is increasing, and as the new Board have settled all the outstanding difficulties about the construction of a pier at Limon with the Costa Rican Government, it is certain, humanly speaking, that these bonds will go to 90, at least if intrinsic merits have anything to do with market value.

In the American Railway Market there is certainly nothing like a boom. The dealings seem to be almost entirely in the hands of operators, not the public, and a good many options for the call of the "rubbish" shares have been arranged for the January accounts. The position appears to be generally speaking this: the English operators are feeding the American operators with all the low-priced stock and shares they will take. Dealers on this side of the water are influenced by the fear of dear money, for though the Bank rate remains unchanged at 4, the banks will not lend under  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . It is quite evident that the Americans, however, believe firmly in a revival of their trade; and it is, on the whole, likely that Southern Ordinary, Eries, Union Pacifics, Missouris, Ontarios, Norfolk Prefs, and that class of Americans, will all creep up steadily during the next few months. The leading favourites, Milwaukeees and Louisvilles, do not move much, and are lower than they were on the announcement of McKinley's election.

The market for Home Rails remains very firm, though there is nothing like a boom here either. Caledonian Deferred, which have risen over three points since the last settlement, fell from 60½ to 59½ upon a weekly traffic return which showed a falling off of over £2,000. No explanation of this decline was forthcoming, except the usual bogey of "labour troubles" on the Clyde. But Coras recovered sharply on Thursday, and once more assumed their proper position in the sixties, whilst North British Ordinary remained behind in the neighbourhood of 48.

On the whole, Westralian shares have held their prices well during the week; and some of the more important of them have gained ground, as in the case of Ivanhoes, which have gone up a point from Saturday last to 9½ on Thursday, and Hannan's Brownhill, in which the comparison is between 3½ and 4½. In other of the representative stocks the differences are hardly worth recording, but people are buying up the better kinds of shares in anticipation of the revival of activity. The Westralian gold-mining districts are almost unique on account of their patchy character and of the water difficulty. These "pocket" reefs have given the opportunity for the flotation of a lot of companies which had no *raison d'être* save the interests of prospectors and promoters. Such companies have engendered distrust in the minds of investors. As it was put to us by a well-known authority: "The curse of the Westralian Market is that it contains so many Londonderrys on a smaller scale." For the sins of these the really good companies are suffering in the market value of their shares. The public has taken fright by the collapse—temporary it may be—of companies like the Londonderry, the Hit and Miss, and Bayley's Reward, and is rather devoting its attention to the cheaper descriptions in which there may be everything to gain and there cannot be much to lose. As a consequence the higher-priced shares are almost boycotted except by people who are specially conversant with their individual prospects; and thus there are bargains to be picked up. We hear the very best accounts of Burbank's Birthday Gift and of Hannan's, both of which have fallen away in value for no particular reason except the sensitive and nervous condition of the

market. At present it is kept stagnant and weak owing to a few notorious failures to fulfil expectations; but a rich "strike"—anywhere in Westralia—would soon remedy that.

In connexion with Westralian mining and the Water question there was suggested to us the other day a curious situation—founded, we believe, on actual instances. Take two adjacent mines, both containing large amounts of gold; but one, which we shall call the A Mine, has a plentiful supply of water, while the B mine has none. The B mine is ready to crush; the A mine is not. Therefore the manager of the B undertaking buys the water from his neighbour for the time. But when the A manager has got everything ready he has no more water to sell; the returns from B fall off, and those from A begin to come in. This is a specimen of the vicissitudes which at present attend Westralian mining; but we do not think the resources of civilization are yet exhausted. Such difficulties as that will be got over.

In the Kaffir Market the proposal to increase the capital of the East Rand Company by the issue of 100,000 shares at £4 10s., and to settle with the H. F. Syndicate, has excited a good deal of criticism. Against the increase of capital there is nothing to be said. The parent Company wants the money to finance its somewhat numerous progeny in the shape of subsidiary companies, and there's an end of it. But the proposal to settle with the H. F. Syndicate, which is mainly composed of the directors of the East Rand Company, is more complicated. It is, shortly, a proposal to cancel the right of the Syndicate, who were the vendors to the Company, to take 25 per cent. of the East Rand dividends after a 100 per cent. has been paid to shareholders by giving the Syndicate in exchange the call of 200,000 East Rand shares at par. In the resolution to be moved at the meeting it is delicately expressed "that the Syndicate grants to this Company the option for eighteen months from this date of acquiring its rights" upon the terms above mentioned.

It need hardly be said that the East Rand shareholders have not yet had their capital returned to them in the shape of dividends, and the date at which that devoutly wished for consummation will arrive is doubtful. What, therefore, the Syndicate grants to the Company is the option of paying £900,000 (at present market value) for a right which has not yet accrued, and which it is certainly possible may never accrue. We defy the most experienced accountant to put a value upon a contingent right of this kind. We have no doubt that the East Rand directors will be able to carry their resolution at the Johannesburg meeting next month. But is it really wise or politic of them to do so? If they had made the proposal at the height of a boom, probably nothing would have been said; for when men are making money they are generous to those who help them in the process. But to propose such a deal at the bottom of a slump strikes us as belonging to that order of wisdom which overreaches itself. Anybody can see that £900,000 in the hand is worth 25 per cent. in the bush. But, in reality, it is a shortsighted policy, as the East Rand directors will probably discover.

A contemporary makes an alternative suggestion to the directors which seems to us to be rather inept. It is that the East Rand Company should raise the necessary £450,000 by means of 6 per cent. debentures. Now it is distinctly better to get £450,000 for a nominal liability of £100,000, on which you need not pay anything if you do not earn it, and which you need never repay, than to borrow £450,000 which you must repay, and on which you must pay 6 per cent. per annum until you do so, whether your earnings justify it or not.

Last week we urged the directors of the Chartered Company to concentrate their energy, now that the rebellion is over, upon the work of railway construction from North and South. We were, therefore, glad to read the report of Mr. Rhodes's last speech at Salis-

bury, in which he said he had advised the directors to borrow £750,000 by debentures in order to complete the Beira Railway, which now stops at Umtali, as far as Salisbury. There is, however, no mention of this projected loan in the circular which the Chartered Company has just addressed to its shareholders for the subscription of 500,000 new shares at £2.

It appears, however, from a telegram in the "Times" of Thursday, that either Mr. Rhodes has been misrepresented or he made an unauthorized statement. The British South Africa Company has explained through Reuter that its directors know of no such recommendation. From private telegrams recently received from Mr. Rhodes the Chartered directors infer that he must have been referring to a debenture issue by a new railway company to be formed to complete the line to Salisbury. What new company? There is the Beira railway company already in existence, with debentures and share capital. It is not clear why another railway company should be formed, and there is obviously some confusion which requires clearing up.

The amalgamation of the old Oceana Company with the Austral and Africana Companies has, as Mr. Pasteur said in his able and comprehensive speech, "placed the Oceana Consolidated Company in the foremost rank of South African enterprises." Indeed, the Oceana Consolidated is engaged in developing South Africa upon quite as large a scale as the Chartered Company, while its assets are far more varied. It is interested in farms, land, railways, and mineral companies in all parts of the Transvaal. It has a large interest in the Pretoria-Pietersburg railway, which was begun last month. It holds shares in the Van Ryn, the Van Ryn West, the Rand Central Ore Reduction, the Heidelberg Development Syndicate, the Douglas Colliery in Middelburg, the Oceana Minerals, and many other companies.

But the interests of the Oceana Consolidated are by no means confined to the Transvaal; it has large holdings in the chartered companies of the Portuguese and Belgian spheres—namely, the Mozambique Company, the Companhia da Zambesia, and the Katanga Company, all of which have great prospects. It is connected with the Beira Junction Railway, by which goods are now conveyed from the harbour of Beira as far as Chimio, near the frontier of the Chartered Company's territory, and with the coalfields of Tete. It has nearly a third interest in the Katanga Company, whose territory extends over 150,000 square miles in the Congo Free State. It is therefore obvious that the Oceana Consolidated Company has as great a career before it as the British South Africa Company.

A peculiar interest attached to the meeting of the Consolidated Goldfields Company, because deep-level mining is on its trial, and the Consolidated Goldfields directors have staked their reputation and their shareholders' money on deep levels. There was a tone of forced confidence about the speeches of Messrs. H. E. M. Davies, C. D. Rudd, and Hays Hammond, which, like all such efforts, was followed by depression. Mr. Davies predicted good markets for 1897; Mr. C. D. Rudd declared that the yield of ore in deep levels was identically the same as the average in the outcrop properties; and Mr. Hays Hammond, after talking geology at great length, went so far as to say that they would be able to mine at depths of from 3,000 feet to 4,000 feet for the same cost as that of working outcrop mines. Stimulated by the applause evoked by this prophecy, Mr. Hammond went "one better," and gave it as his candid opinion that the working cost of deep levels would "be considerably reduced below those figures." To these gallant efforts on the part of the directors the market responded promptly, by marking down Consolidated Goldfields to 8½.

To make a speech which shall comfort the market is obviously an art which Messrs. Davies, Rudd, and Hammond have yet to learn. On reading their defence of deep-level mining, one thought at once, "The lady doth protest too much." The thing was inartistic



because it was overdone. And yet these gentlemen had facts on their side, and if their remarks had been more moderately expressed, they would have made the desired impression. Mr. C. D. Rudd has studied deep-level mining for four years, and Mr. Hays Hammond is a mining engineer of acknowledged eminence. If they can't tell us something about deep-levels, who can? Both these authorities assure us of the only three facts we care to know. 1. That pay ore is persistent in depth. 2. That the cost of deep-level mining can be reduced to a proportion equal to, if not below, the present cost of outcrop mining. 3. That high temperature and water are not, on the Rand at all events, serious difficulties. As a matter of fact, mining at a depth of 3,000 feet is carried on profitably in East Australia; and if there, why not in the Transvaal? As for "dykes," they are not unknown in outcrop properties.

Of course Messrs. Rudd and Hammond may be all wrong in their facts. It is a question of authority; let some one of greater or equal authority disprove their assertions. Admitted that mistakes have been made in Geldenhuis Deep, there is as a set-off the success of Bonanza. Certainly those who are interested in deep levels deserve to make money by-and-bye, for they are spending it bravely now. *En attendant*, they would do well to pitch their speeches in a lower key, and to avoid girding at imaginary "bears." There are no bears, as the term is ordinarily understood, in the Kaffir Market. There are sellers, but they are one or two large companies, who want money for deep-level development.

The decision of the High Court of Johannesburg against the African Gold Recovery Company marks an important epoch in the history of South African mining. The Company held certain patents under which they claimed a right to levy royalties for the use of cyanide in the extraction of gold, and the right was disputed by Mr. James Hay on behalf of the Chamber of Mines and mining interest generally. Chief Justice Kotzé, whose judgments have already made him a great reputation in South Africa, has decided not only against the Company's claim, but also that the patents on which they relied should be cancelled. The relief thus afforded to the mining companies is very appreciable, and it is roughly calculated that about seven per cent. will be saved on the cost of tailings treatment. The further question arises how far the decision may become a precedent for the abolition of other process-patents which still burden the mining industry.

Among forthcoming promotions likely to create some notice are companies for exploiting a new incandescent light which does not contain rare earths, so is not, on the decision of Mr. Justice Wills, an infringement of the Welsbach light; for giving the public a new fuel at about half the cost of coal; and for working a patent which enables bread to be made direct from corn without grinding, and at the same time retaining all the nourishing properties of the wheat. This bread can be sold at a halfpenny cheaper per loaf than the existing bread, at the same time giving the baker a larger profit. We shall be able to give detailed particulars of these three wonderful discoveries—of so much benefit to the population at large—later on.

Buy Great Northern Deferred Ordinary stock is a strong "tip" in the best informed circles.

Do the Continental rights of Bovril, Limited, which it is rumoured are to be purchased by a subsidiary company for £500,000 in cash and shares, belong to Mr. Hooley or New Bovril, Limited?

What will the shareholders of D. H. Evans, Limited, say to the resignation of the managing directorship by Mr. Evans? If we remember rightly, he entered into an agreement with the Company to act as managing director for a period of seven years, and half of the time is unexpired. His retirement cannot be on the ground of ill-health, because he was on the directorate of the London Woollen Company, Limited, the prospectus of which appeared some few days ago.

## NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL" AND "SPORTING AND DRAMATIC" PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED—  
CAPITAL, £350,000.

The prospectus of this Company is one of the most impudent it has ever been our duty to criticize. It is stated that, with the exception of the cost of advertising and underwriting 20,000 Preference shares of £5 each, no promotion money has been or will be paid. We should think not indeed. Shades of Israel! What company-promoter would have dared to capitalize a speculative newspaper concern making only an average of £22,500 odd per annum at £350,000? The yield on the entire capital is just over 6 per cent. Could anything be more unblushing in its cool effrontery? We cannot too strongly advise our readers to leave the shares in this Company to Sir William Ingram and his co-directors. We should like to know why the profits of each newspaper are not shown separately in the accountant's certificate. Have the profits of the "Lady's Pictorial" gone up and the "Sporting and Dramatic" gone down, or *vice versa*? We very much fear this is the case. Both journals have very strong competitors, and the competition is becoming keener every day. Some of the advertisements that used to go to the "Lady's Pictorial" must now go to the "Lady" and other younger rivals. The same remark applies to the "Sporting and Dramatic." "Land and Water," "The Road," and "Horse and Hound" are very strong aspirants for public favour. Another point which occurs to us is as to the nature of the security for the Preference shareholders. The prospectus says that the Company acquires the copyright, goodwill, plant, blocks and stock-in-trade belonging to both papers, together with certain leases. This is all that the Company gets for £340,000. Let us analyse the assets *seriatim*. 1st, Copyright. The ordinary trade valuation of a copyright is three years' purchase of the average net profits. We will for the purpose of being on the generous side take it at five years' purchase. This would give us roughly a valuation of £113,000. 2nd, Goodwill. This is valueless as a further asset. It is included in the copyright. 3rd, Plant. We believe that both papers are printed by contract, therefore the plant must be of very little value, comparatively speaking. 4th, Blocks. A purely nominal value. 5th, Stock in trade. The people engaged in the newspaper trade would put the value of this at £5,000. 6th, Plates. If these were of any value the most would have been made of it. To sum up the total value of the assets, in the unaccountable absence from the prospectus of an official valuation, we should say that £15,000 would more than cover it. Yet the purchase price is fixed at £190,000 above this figure, and the Preference shareholders have not in solid assets £37,000 to fall back upon. To offer 5 per cent. interest on such a security, with the Bank rate at 4 per cent., is simply astounding; but the outside public will doubtless soon fix the shares at their proper value, as they have been prompt to do in the case of Harmsworth Brothers, Limited, whose 5 per cent. Preference shares have already been quoted at a discount.

## RIDGWAYS.

Ridgways, of tea fame, are converting their business into a limited company. The prospectus will, we believe, appear next week. But is it true that they recently purchased the tea business of Pegram of Liverpool at a ruinous figure—namely, to show only about 7½ per cent., and this before deducting any remuneration for partners' services? Deduct £1,000 per annum for this, and the deal would not, we believe, show on the average net profits more than about 6½ per cent. Will the prospectus disclose this?

## THE AUSTRALIAN CYCLE AND MOTOR COMPANY.

In these days of Hooley promotion this Company must be described as a modest undertaking, for its capital is only £75,000, of which £50,000 is appropriated for working capital. It is brought out under the protection of the Stoneham group, and it does not aspire to make cycles, but only to sell in Australia the

cycles made by such well-known companies as, amongst others, the Premier and Sparkbrook companies. The Company is formed to carry on agencies for the sale of cycles, cycle components, motors, horseless vehicles, and incandescent lamps—an odd mixture. It has the agency for the "Simpson Lever Chain" and the "Acatène," a chainless bicycle patronized in France. It is stated in the prospectus that Mr. E. W. Rudd, the managing director, has already in hand orders for 2,500 cycles. We suppose that a net profit of £3 on each machine is not an extravagant estimate. If it is not, there would seem to be a dividend of 10 per cent. on the capital out of that order alone. As it is stated that immigrants are pouring into Western Australia at the rate of 1,000 a week, there ought to be a brisk demand for modern luxuries. Miners will, no doubt, go to their work on Premiers, while the manager will arrive on a motor car.

#### ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

**DISTRICTS.**—We advise you to hold; you will get a better price.

**CYCLE SHARES.**—Sell Premier, but keep Swifts.

**MINES.**—Ferreiras are worth buying, but leave the other severely alone. The shares of the West Australian mines you mention may be bought for a rise.

**NEW BOVRILS.**—We strongly advise a purchase. If you are lucky enough to get an allotment, you are sure to be able to sell, if you so wish, at a premium.

**TRAMWAY.**—We think North Metropolitans will improve. Hold.

**OCEANAS.**—A speculative purchase; but we believe in the Transvaal.

**NORTH-EASTERN.**—These should be bought. Great Easterns are not particularly worth buying.

**HIT OR MISS.**—Yes, these shares may be purchased for a rise. A very good report has just been received from the mine.

**J. H. W.**—Uruguay Bonds may be held.

**BARNATO BANKS.**—A fair speculation; Mr. Barnato will have to do something for those who have trusted in him.

**J. B. S.**—Linotypes are a good purchase.

**EVANS & ALLEN (Newport).**—Yes, the shares are worth buying, especially at par. Most of the drapery companies' shares are at a premium.

**W. AUSTRALIA.**—Yes. Buy Dunallan Gold Mines. Much development work has been carried out on these properties, and the result of a crushing is expected daily.

**BERTHAS.**—After the recent rapid rise we should not care to try to carry over.

**SUBSCRIBER.**—In the present state of the market we do not care to advise. De Beers might be bought.

**T. P. D.**—You can either sell in India and have the scrip remitted here, or sell in the London market.

**EXETER.**—The 4 per cent. Guaranteed shares of the Exeter, Teign Valley, and Chagford Railway Company seem a fair purchase.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN ON THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

TRAFALGAR BUILDINGS, 1 NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE,  
LONDON, W.C., 7 November, 1896.

**SIR,**—It is a pity that an ex-Indian official with the wide experience of Sir Lepel Griffin should be unable to write on such an Indian topic as the pending famine without importing so much of prejudice into his narrative as to cause irritation to some at least of the readers of his article.

There was no necessity for Sir Lepel Griffin, in the article which appears in the "Saturday Review" of to-day, to institute a comparison between the treatment of famine-stricken folk by Indian rulers and British rulers respectively, and, in instituting it, to intimate that the former always do badly, while the latter always do well. This comparison is alike unfair and untrue. Sir Lepel makes it the occasion of animadversion against the Maharaja of Kashmir that, in the Kashmir famine of 1878-9, in which he (Sir Lepel) was officially engaged, one-third of the people died. Against whom will Sir Lepel's censures be directed when he is reminded that in the British district of Kurnool (Madras) one in two and a half of the inhabitants perished during a famine period; that in Kaladgi district, Bombay Presidency, a

nearly equal loss of life was experienced; and that, in 1877, in the State of Mysore, after it had been under British rule for a generation, one-fourth of the people died of famine and famine-induced diseases? There is much similar evidence available.

Again, it is not correct—it is very incorrect—to say, as Sir Lepel Griffin says, that in famine times the inhabitants of native States "always" flood the relief works in British territories because their rulers make no provision for them. "Always," Sir Lepel? Why, in 1876, inhabitants of Bombay districts trooped by thousands into the Nizam's territories. "On the river banks," wrote the late Mr. H. Curwen, editor of the "Times of India," "two thousand dhungars were encamped . . . resting awhile in their long and weary flight from the famine pest. Hundreds and thousands of starving creatures had already fled into the Nizam's richer territory." Further, "the town was crowded with travellers to the Nizam's territory." These travellers were thoroughly well treated, too, on reaching the Indian State. Further, when, in 1877, all parts of distressed British India were glad to be helped from the big British Relief Fund of that year, Sir Salar Jung, for the Hyderabad affected districts (adjoining the worst Madras districts and subject to the same conditions), alone declined any assistance. Why? Because he, the "Native," had got the better of the famine already, while no British administrator had yet succeeded in doing so.

On that point of emigration one word more. Even in non-famine times the course of emigrants is often to and not from Feudatory States. The "Englishman" of Calcutta (a pro-British organ) is responsible for the statement:—"During the years 1874-75, in spite of splendid harvests, over five thousand families sought refuge from English injustice in the jungles of the Nepaul terai."

As for the alleged "criminal apathy" of the Maharaja Scindia and "the greed of his officials," it is a fact that numerous charitable relief houses were opened by the Maharaja in Nassik, Trimbuk, Poona, Nugger, and Pundherpore, in which towns, to a certain date at least, His Highness had expended more than the Bombay Government on charitable relief. Sir Richard Temple praised this generosity on the part of the Maharaja.

With all the exertions which we have put forth in India we have done so moderately well in dealing with famine in that country (save in 1874) that the less we say of the shortcomings of others the better. A Sovereign Power—and that Sovereign Power Great Britain!—which allowed twelve millions of people to die of famine in eighteen years is not in a position to declaim pharisaically concerning the alleged, but unproved, neglected duties of others. Twelve millions? Yes. The following statement is abstracted from the "Report of the Indian Famine Commission, Part III., Famine Histories [c. 3,086] 1885"; it nowhere appears in the Blue-book in this form, but a reference to the pages mentioned will indicate the authority for each statement:—

Page	Year	Territory Affected	Mortality	Nos.
27	1860-61	N.-Wn. Provinces and Punjab .. ..	Estimates vary; certainly not less than .. ..	500,000
45	1865-66	Orissa .. ..	In six districts alone .. ..	1,300,000
70	—	Behar and North Bengal	Returns not very accurate, but stated at .. ..	135,000
74	—	Madras .. ..	.. ..	450,000
80	1868-69	Rajputana .. ..	.. ..	1,500,000
88	—	N.-Wn. Provinces .. ..	.. ..	600,000
99	—	Punjab .. ..	.. ..	600,000
100	—	Central Provinces .. ..	.. ..	250,000
103	—	Bombay .. ..	Loss of life not stated, emigration very extensive..	—
104	1873-74	Bengal and Behar ..	No mortality .. ..	—
149	—	N.-Wn. Provinces and Oudh .. ..	No mortality .. ..	—
184	1876-77	Bombay .. ..	.. ..	800,000
203	1877-78	Hyderabad .. ..	.. ..	70,000
203	1877-78	N.-Wn. Provinces and Oudh .. ..	.. ..	1,266,420
211	1876-78	Madras .. ..	.. ..	3,500,000
264	—	Mysore .. ..	.. ..	1,050,000

16 Famines: Total Famine Mortality in Eighteen years .. .. 12,021,420

\* Another estimate, based on the Statistical Abstract for British India puts the mortality at 1,100,000.

Surely, Sir, in the presence of officially attested melancholy facts such as the above, Sir Lepel Griffin might be content to enlighten his countrymen on India



matters without ostentatiously and (as I contend) untruly depreciating the rulers of our Feudatory States, and denying them common humanity.—Yours truly,  
WM. DIGBY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 HOBART PLACE, 11 November, 1896.

SIR,—You have kindly sent me Mr. Digby's letter for any comment I may desire to make. There is too great a difference between him and me in principle to make discussion profitable. He is one of the class, represented in India by the *soi-disant* National Congress, which criticizes unfavourably every action of the Government. I, on the other hand, am one of those who consider the administration of India by England as incomparably her highest title to honour in the world; and I gladly recognize the great advance in honesty and civilization in Native States, due to the direct initiative, example, encouragement, or pressure of the British Government.

As to statistics, they may mean anything; and I am quite content to accept Mr. Digby's as correct. Millions of men, women, and children have died, during the last fifty years, of famine and the diseases which follow famine in British territory; and, although the system of defence against famine has been organized and perfected, while irrigation has increased the food supply and railways have made its distribution more easy, I do not doubt that many millions will in the future die from the same causes. Famine is the reply of Nature to early marriage and an increase of twenty millions of population in ten years. The food supply overtakes the population; a drought occurs, and there is no sufficient surplus of grain in the country. Until India abandons her inhuman superstition that every female child must be married at about twelve years of age, and accepts those prudential reasons against early marriage which govern the conduct of all reasonable people, Nature will, from time to time, reply to their folly by famine, cholera, and epidemic disease.

The question at issue is not whether people have died or will die of famine in British territory as in Native States, but whether the English Government uses every resource of civilization to save life; while in past times native rulers were helpless and apathetic in the presence of famine. Mr. Digby instances the exertions of Sir Salar Jung in Hyderabad in 1876-77. I willingly admit his merits. He was an exceptional man, of the highest character, and an enlightened statesman. Mr. Digby, however, spoils the only point in his letter by quoting Mr. H. Curwen, editor of the "Times of India," to the effect that the starving thousands of the Bombay districts had "fled into the *Nizam's richer territory*." Naturally, the people would flock into *richer territory*—that is, where the drought was less severe. But then, what becomes of Mr. Digby's argument about famine relief? His illustration leaves my statement untouched. My personal experience as Secretary to a Famine Relief Committee certainly was that a very large proportion of the paupers we had to support in the southern districts of the Punjab were residents of Native States on our borders, Rajput and Sikh, where no measures of relief had been attempted.

Two instances of special and criminal neglect I noted; but my statements were in no way exaggerated. The mortality in Kashmir was largely due to the ignorance and apathy of the Maharaja and the cruel and corrupt conduct of his officials. This is officially and frankly recorded in the administration reports of the Punjab, which it was my duty to prepare, and in Mr. Walter Lawrence's delightful work on Kashmir, which was reviewed by the "Saturday" some months ago. As to the great Mahratta State of Gwalior, it was in my political charge during the later years of the life of Maharaja Jiaji Rao Sindhia, and on his death I had to carry on its administration, in every detail, during the minority of his son. The whole State was naked and bare of any work—schools, hospitals, dispensaries, roads—for the good of the people, who were considered as mere beasts of burden. The hand of the British Government has wrought a happy change, and Gwalior is now as well governed as a British district. But all Native States are now compelled by the Government to

occupy themselves with famine relief in times of drought. Rules have been carefully drawn up which they are directed to follow, and criminal apathy would justly bring reproof and punishment. But the credit for this blessed change I claim for the British Government.

Your obedient servant, LEPEL GRIFFIN.

#### THE BIOLOGICAL PROBLEM OF TO-DAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, 11 November, 1896.

SIR,—For the explanation of Professor Ray Lankester's somewhat grotesque introduction of my name on page 464 of your last issue but one, in which many of my friends tell me they suppose there is some point which they do not understand, *vide* "Nature" for 24 September last.—Yours faithfully,

T. HERBERT WARREN, President of Magdalen.

#### "BEETROOT, BOUNTIES, AND THE BRITISH FARMER."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

GLASGOW, 5 November, 1896.

SIR,—Some time ago you were good enough to publish a letter of mine in which I endeavoured to show how the less prolific plant had displaced the richer one in the production of sugar, because the poorer one (beetroot) was supported by national bounties. At that time I was dealing with the beetroot statistics of the Continent, and it would be impossible to arrive at any other conclusion if these figures alone were dealt with. The very instructive article which appeared in your issue of 17 October has, however, aroused a fresh interest in the subject, and the startling figures of production have stimulated fresh inquiries. I find that there is no exaggeration in the figures given by your correspondent, for here in my own neighbourhood at Bishopton experimental crops have produced roots containing sugar equal to 74 cwt. per acre. The average yield on the Continent is 27 cwt. per acre. Nor, upon reflection, need the enormously greater productive power of our own country cause much surprise, for it is a well-known fact that we produce an enormously greater quantity of roots per acre here than they do on the Continent. If, then, it is a fact that we obtain a larger yield of potatoes or turnips per acre under cultivation than is obtained on the Continent, it might have occurred to us that the same result would follow from the cultivation of beet. Experiments have proved the inference to the hilt. But reflection is all the more bitter that we have neglected so profitable a crop for so long, and utter contempt can only be expressed for our legislators, who have barred the way to its systematic introduction by false notions of Free Trade. Who could lay down expensive plant for utilizing the product with the certainty that uncertain and varying bounties would make this plant utterly valueless? Mr. James Duncan spent £80,000 at Lavenham, in Suffolk, in trying to found the industry, and instead of obtaining the gratitude of the nation in making so large an experiment, he lost all. Yet he has not lost hope of the industry, if only bounties were abolished or neutralized. He writes as follows even now:—

"As long as the bounty system exists no one will take up sugar-growing in England. No one knows better than I do the advantages of such an industry, and I don't think the Germans, Austrians, and French will allow this lucrative trade to slip out of their hands. It is not the mere sugar that is produced; but where you have a sugar factory it means lots of cattle and splendid crops of grain."

A further illustration of the varying nature of the sugar bounties was given last week when it was announced that France had decided to increase the bounty upon all sugar exported by 2.50 francs per 100 kilos, or £1 per ton; and yet surprise is expressed that our colonial sugar-growers fret under the injustice of neglect by the Mother-country, or that our sugar refiners here should repine. If I were an inhabitant of a British sugar-growing colony in the West Indies I would use every effort to break the bonds that tied that colony to an unnatural mother. I would seek affiliation with the

United States, where I would get my sugar imported without taxation, and so reap the whole benefit of the duty, which would be enormous. But they are more loyal there, "for in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations they have remained Englishmen." If an established industry is so beset by bounties, who would in the face of it attempt to start a new one in cultivating beetroot here? Yet for a paltry gain of as little of a small bounty as can be given we have lost millions. Even yet, cheap though sugar is, there is no more profitable crop which a farmer can grow than beetroot, provided it can, as on the Continent, be fully worked and utilized. If countervailing duties were levied and made to work automatically in exact proportion to the bounty given we could improve our agriculture, satisfy our colonists, and keep our refineries here at work. If these are beaten on fair ground, no one will quarrel, but to be beaten with hands tied and with the compassionate sympathy of Job's comforters constantly expressed is more than human nature can stand. And while on this subject, I would ask you to bear with me when calling attention to Lord Rosebery's cure for foreign competition. He prescribes technical education as a remedy for all the oppression which we suffer from by foreign competition. I would ask has it ever been alleged that the British sugar-refiner is less technically educated than any foreigner? If you read foreign papers the constant cry, from France especially, is, that without bounties it would be impossible to compete against British refiners, because of the superior plant which we have here, and our greater skill. I have hitherto advocated the imposition of countervailing duties—not for Protection, but to lessen the burdens of our taxes, and to insure the just distribution of the bounties given by the foreigners. But we worship a great god they have called Free Trade, and like the worship of all unintelligent devotees, we let this Juggernaut crush us under his wheels. But if we are so righteous that we will not touch the gifts and bribes of other nations to ease our burdens, we might be excused if we used those gifts for the protection of our commerce, which we are constantly crying about, by building ships of war. What a huge joke it would be if we had several of our largest men-of-war built out of the bounties and named after their generous donors! We would, perhaps, call one "German Sugar Bounty," another "French Sugar Bounty," and perhaps another "Countervailing Duty." And if chance ever brought us to war with our neighbours (though Lord prevent the misfortune!) and they complained about the weight of our shot, we could easily explain that we were only returning the change from their own money, though in other coin.

Yours &c.,  
CARBON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 November, 1896.

SIR,—Of all your numerous readers I do not suppose that anyone has read with greater interest and pleasure than I have Mr. George Jager's letter in your last issue, for I am glad to see that he has thoroughly endorsed my views on this subject, which you were good enough to publish, viz., the abolishing of the import duties at present levied on tea, coffee, and cocoa, and the imposing of an import duty on foreign-grown sugars. As Mr. Jager clearly points out, it is the policy of the foreign Governments who heavily subsidize their beet-sugar producers to ruin our Colonial cane-sugar trade, and as soon as they attain this to raise the price of sugar to the consumers in England, and thus to make up for the cruel burden that they are imposing on their subjects at the present moment.

I note, and I must candidly confess with surprise, that Mr. Jager proposes making dried fruits free—why, it is hard to see, for although the total value of these imported in 1894 was £2,091,318, only £302 worth was supplied by our Colonies. While it is one thing to propose to free "secondary necessities," it is quite another to free what certainly cannot be considered as such, especially as the Mother Country does not draw her supply of these "non-secondary necessities" from her Colonies.

Yours faithfully,

DU ROY JE LE TIENS.

## "THE NATURAL HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

61 BROADHURST GARDENS, N.W., 7 November, 1896.

SIR,—Though the luxury of replying to reviewers is not one in which I have ever before indulged, I should like your kind assistance in calling attention to one minor point in which the writer of the notice of my last book in your impression of to-day does me, unwittingly I can see, an injustice.

"The tuatera," he says, "it is true, is a native of New Zealand, not of Australia, yet Mr. Aflalo includes it."

I think, Sir, that the impression left by this passage is that I omitted to mention distinctly that the tuatera is a New Zealand species.

This is not, however, the case; and I am sure your reviewer, to whom I am honestly indebted for his exceedingly fair criticisms, will not resent my thus qualifying this one remark of his.—Yours faithfully,

F. G. AFLALO.

## ANOTHER LONG-FELT WANT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 4 November, 1896.

SIR,—May I through your columns offer Her Majesty's Government a suggestion with regard to its forthcoming Education Bill? It is that powers should be inserted enabling the Education Authority under the Act to establish night schools for the use of novelists, and to set apart a small sum for the foundation of a Lindley Murray Scholarship. Popular novels form the major part of the literary education of the masses, and the State should see to it that the teachers are taught in this, as in the more elementary branches of learning. Moreover, the need is pressing.

Let one example suffice. Mr. Hall Caine (*vide* this morning's "Daily Chronicle") writes to the secretary of the Douglas Ruskin Society:—"There lives (*sic*) in my memory now the pleasantest recollections of a beautiful and noble personality." Mr. Hall Caine's genius is versatile; he would soon pick up the rules, and they would probably live in his memory as tenaciously as the personality. Novel-reading would then lose one of its terrors.—I am, yours faithfully,

EDUCATIONALIST.

## CHEAP MICROSCOPES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

VESEY STREET, ST. MARY'S, BIRMINGHAM,

30 October, 1896.

SIR,—Acting on Mr. Wells's suggestion, in your last issue, we beg to state that we are, and for the last fifteen years have been, makers of a microscope which in every respect fulfils his conditions. Many hundreds of these instruments are in use in medical and other schools all over the country.—Yours truly,

JAMES PARKES & SON.

## LICENSED VIVISECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

TORQUAY, 8 November, 1896.

SIR,—As a constant reader of the "Saturday Review" from its commencement, and hon.-treasurer of the Torquay Anti-Vivisection Society, I am glad to echo the sentiments expressed in Mr. Collinson's admirable letter. The so-called "inspection" with which many try to salve their consciences is nothing better than a farce. The inspectors are far too few for the ever-increasing number of vivisections all over the country; and since such as there are sympathize with the vivisectioners—even when they are not themselves vivisectioners—the inspection becomes a mere mockery and a blind to the public.

A medical man at a meeting in Torquay not long ago declared that if the people of England knew the horrors that are perpetrated in laboratories they would pull down the buildings and lynch the operators. An army surgeon, on the same occasion, characterized a vivisection laboratory as nothing less than a hell upon earth—too revolting even for a professional man to be present at.—I am, &c.

ALGERNON TAYLOR.



## REVIEWS.

## MR. ANDREW LANG'S LIFE OF LOCKHART.

"The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart." By Andrew Lang. 2 vols. London: John C. Nimmo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

"LOCKHART," said Sir Walter Scott, "will blaze." Lockhart never blazed, and long before the grave closed over him he had even ceased to smoulder. Two or three respectable novels, a few spirited translations, a readable memoir of Burns, and an excellent biography of the great man who had so much faith in him, constitute his sole claim to be remembered as an author. But partly owing to his connexion with his father-in-law, and partly to his association with the "Quarterly Review," in its palmy days, he has long been a very prominent figure in literary history. He is, moreover, one of those men around whom tradition has cast a kind of glamour. His name seems to call up a singularly impressive and brilliant personality. Those classical features, so stern, so cynical, so refined, so intellectual—who can forget them? Or who can disassociate from them what they appear to indicate—a man, in Bacon's phrase, "Sui certus et quasi de alto desciens," haughtily, but justly, conscious of the homage due to culture, to wit, to genius, to an independent spirit, to an inflexible will. And this impression is confirmed, not by any record of what he actually said or actually did, but by what others attributed to him or said about him. We have always suspected that Lockhart's reputation would be much more likely to suffer than to gain by an elaborate biography and the publication of his private papers. Mr. Lang's volumes have fully corroborated our suspicion. They will effectually dispel all the illusions which those imposing features, in combination with vague traditions, have created. Nothing more hopelessly commonplace than the personality here revealed to us could be imagined. Of all the letters printed by Mr. Lang, if we except one or two of the early ones, there is literally not one which has anything to distinguish it from the myriads which pass daily through the post. We have searched in vain for a remark, an opinion, a *bon-mot*, a sketch, an anecdote, worth remembering. Not only are there none of these things, but there is literally not a touch to indicate that the writer had any pretension to parts and attainments. Much of the dreary gossip in these letters is unintelligible without notes, and notes it would be absurd to give. The extracts from the Diary are of precisely the same character, absolutely colourless, vapid and indistinctive. Nor is the impression made by the biographical narrative itself a whit more favourable. With all Mr. Lang's skill, the only portrait he can manage to portray is that of a weary, querulous, but practically patient literary drudge—"Murray's man" with *non est tanti* for his creed, and perpetual anxiety about family matters and "provision for the hour which was passing over him" his cankering care. Of any enjoyment of life, of any interest in what was passing round him, of any love of literature for its own sake, of any curiosity about the great men with whom he was brought into contact, with the exception at least of his father-in-law, he seems, after youth, to have been wholly devoid.

A biography which might have been expected, from the position occupied by its subject, to place us in the centre of one of the two most brilliant literary and political coteries of this century simply adds nothing to what has long been before the world. It is, however, due to Lockhart and to Mr. Lang to say that perhaps no biography has ever been given to the world under more unfavourable circumstances. By far the most important part of Lockhart's life, no less than twenty-eight years of it, was passed as editor of the "Quarterly Review," and as editor of that Review he is best known to fame. But Mr. Lang does not, he tells us, "enjoy access to the archives of Albemarle Street, and any occasional information about the political conduct of the 'Quarterly' which may be found in private letters belongs rather to the history of Mr. Murray's house than to that of Lockhart." This is, no doubt, a very comfortable doctrine; but most people will be of

opinion that such an hiatus in the Life of Lockhart must make it very like a performance of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. Nor is this Mr. Lang's only misfortune. What Lockhart's connexion with the "Quarterly" was to his middle and later life, his connexion with "Blackwood's Magazine" was to his early life. But from the archives of Mr. Blackwood's house Mr. Lang has also been debarred, "as they are already in the hands of Mrs. Oliphant for editorial purposes." Nothing, as is well known, can ruffle Mr. Lang's amiability, and there is something quite touching in his modesty—and it must have been great—as he offers in the one case an apology for publishing his book, and in the other case an expression of gratitude for being presented with "a list of many of Mr. Lockhart's later articles." "But," he cheerfully continues, "I am inclined to think that my information, derived from Mr. Lockhart's familiar letters, is adequate for the purpose of his biography." We are inclined to think so too. The archives of Albemarle Street would no doubt throw much light on the feuds and scandals of the Crokerian epoch, and give, perhaps, an extra coating of blacking to that most unsavoury personage, John Wilson Croker; but so far as Lockhart is concerned, we doubt whether they would do more than illustrate what Scott once observed of his son-in-law, that "he was as mischievous as a monkey in a china-shop."

The truth is that Lockhart was a bitterly disappointed man. A youth of brilliant promise, the high opinion of him formed by his father-in-law awoke ambitions which could never, even under the most favourable circumstances, have been realized. But it was under circumstances the most unfavourable that his life expanded. First he became insensibly the parasite of Scott, his association with whom seems to have had something of the same effect as proximity to an overshadowing tree has to the seedling beneath it; it dwarfed him comparatively and it dwarfed him actually. Having married the daughter of "the most illustrious man of the age," he had to live up to the relationship socially, and so was plunged early into the drudgery of hack authorship. His original vein was scanty, and without leisure and elaboration he could not do what his talents qualified him to do. All his best work belongs to the three years which succeeded his marriage, "Valerius," "Adam Blair," "Reginald Dalton," and the "Ancient Spanish Ballads." The miserable novel, "Matthew Wald," which appeared in 1824 marked his nadir and terminated his career as a writer of fiction. With his appointment in 1825 as Editor of the "Quarterly Review" began a life which might have paralysed the exuberant vitality of Galt or even of Scott himself. His control over the "Review" for which he was responsible appears to have been at times at least little more than nominal. What the Dutch Deputies were to Marlborough and Cuesta's Junta were to Wellington, Murray and Croker seem to have been to poor Lockhart. Two amusing illustrations of what he had to put up with are given by Mr. Lang. Milman had, it seems, inserted in one of his articles some eulogy of Macaulay. But Macaulay had, as all the world knows, attacked Croker. Lockhart, consequently, with the fear of Croker before his eyes, has to implore Milman to strike out his eulogy. Again, Southey reviews, after the manner in which Southey might have been expected to review, Hallam's "Constitutional History," which had been published by Murray. Murray, as a man of business, objects to the sale of the work being injured by an unfavourable notice in the columns of his own "Review," and accordingly induces Lockhart to consent to the introduction of a long eulogistic passage. This Lockhart sends on to Southey entreating him to allow its insertion. Southey grumbles, but does so. Hallam, however, more annoyed at what was unfavourable in the "Review" than grateful for what was friendly, writes a furious letter to Murray protesting against the hostility of Lockhart.

After middle life troubles and anxieties of all kinds pressed on this unfortunate man—worries unspeakable in connexion with Scott's affairs and with the "Review," the loss of friends and relatives, domestic sorrows, ill-health, the consciousness that he had left no mark, and would leave no mark, in literature. And there can be little doubt that he gratified in

the "Quarterly," for which he wrote upwards of a hundred articles, to say nothing of the articles which were interpolated by him, the evil passions apt to be engendered in a proud and sensitive nature by such untoward experiences. But he was, on the whole, an honourable man, and he certainly made an excellent editor. Under him, as before under Gifford and afterwards under Dr. Elwin and Sir William Smith, the "Quarterly" was, whatever may have been its mistakes, a real power—"the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks." Mr. Lang speaks harshly of Lockhart's famous review of Tennyson's early poems. Its justification lies in the fact that there was scarcely a passage to which Lockhart took exception which Tennyson did not subsequently alter. The only poem which he allowed to stand in defiance of Lockhart's ridicule remains to the present day the one thoroughly silly thing in all his works. We have no fault to find with Mr. Lang as an editor, but we are bound to say that we think this publication was a mistake. Lockhart's is not one of those biographies which can be compiled; the material available from diaries and letters is too trivial and flimsy. Had his story been told as Carlyle told the story of John Sterling, or even as Moultrie told the story of Sidney Walker, it would certainly have been worth narrating. For his life was a tragedy, and an instructive one, as all who read beneath the facts can see. We are, by the way, a little surprised that Mr. Lang's pious care should not have saved Lockhart from informing the world that he had been reading the "*Del Principe*" of Machiavelli and the "*Gerusalemme*" of Tasso.

#### MR. BARRIE'S NEW BOOK.

"Sentimental Tommy." By J. M. Barrie. London: Cassell & Co. 1896.

THE public criticism of fiction, as distinguished from the reviewing of books for purposes of advertisement, should be primarily the court of appeal from the popular judgment. Therein the conscientious writer should find the consolation for his hard-won failure, and the successful impostor the end of his complacency. And the latter is, perhaps, the more important function of the two. To permit Mr. Hall Caine to pass off his violent posings, Mr. Crockett his miscellaneous acquisitions, Mr. Hocking his pious novelettes, and Mr. Ian Maclaren his blend of Thrums and street-preaching, as reputable writing, or to allow Miss Marie Corelli to assume the place the vulgar Lady assigns her without protest, is to do the art of fiction—the most vital and typical art of this country and period—a serious disservice. The standard of criticism must be consistently high, its methods severe. There are a number of well-meaning but busy people who are anxious to do right in these matters; and if only on this account, the book of the current boom must not be ignored. But it by no means follows that sound criticism is set consistently against popular success. Nevertheless, it discriminates even in its praise.

In the case of Mr. Barrie, for instance, as in the case of Du Maurier, of Mr. Kipling, even of Mr. Conan Doyle, we have a popular success that stands analysis—at least to a very large extent. At the outset, of course, Mr. Barrie falls short in the fundamental requirement of literature. No intelligent person reading "Sentimental Tommy" will admit that it is really a conscientious and necessary attempt at self-expression, that Mr. Barrie has been at any great pains to get the precise effect of things as they actually seem to him. Yet, since the vulgar delusion ever fluctuates, and the deeper facts of things are permanent, and of the human mind practically so, it is only in the authentic view that the antiseptic quality which differentiates literature from printed or written matter of temporary interest is to be found. But "Sentimental Tommy" is quite evidently written primarily to please, to stir pleasurable regrets, suggest amiable consolations, and move to a genial laughter. One feels that Mr. Barrie has written down to an imagined "Public," his Public, just as editors necessarily edit their papers down to their "Publics." There is nothing to blame Mr. Barrie for in this, so long as the desire to please does not lead to

plagiarism, imitation, insincerity. But it places "Sentimental Tommy" in a category not only below such authentic work as Mr. Meredith's "Egoist" and Mr. Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," but also below much of the matter in Mr. Barrie's own "My Lady Nicotine," wherein the writer expresses a humour distinctly personal, and as patently pleases himself as his readers.

But when these points have been insisted upon, then one may proceed with a clear conscience to praise the invention and dexterity with which the task has been accomplished, the conscientious workmanship and the personal dignity maintained throughout. The construction of the novel shows a decided advance upon "The Little Minister," as that did upon that singularly entertaining, unequal and invertebrate book, "When a Man's Single." But it is still characteristically episodic; there is nothing to compare with the steady, unflinching progression towards one great and simple effect, such as we find in a masterpiece of the rank of "Jude the Obscure." Tom Sandys—Sentimental Tommy—is simply the link of a series of otherwise almost disconnected sketches of very unequal value. In some of these he takes a leading part; into others he is almost dragged by Mr. Barrie, like a bad boy taken to church. The strongest of these is the amazingly vivid story of Tommy's mother, with which the book opens. For this sketch there can be nothing but unstinted praise; the woman whose accepted lover submitted in her presence to the brute force of his rival, and changed "Jean Latta" to "Jean Sandys," is admirably conceived and rendered. Interleaved rather than interwoven with this is the pathetic story of little Reddy, marred only by the needless apostrophe to "You mothers who have lost your babies." In these two incidents or sketches Tommy is an active actor, but we venture to think that it gave Mr. Barrie some trouble to get Tommy into the episode of Miss Ailie and Mr. McLean—a very pretty story rather in the spirit of Mrs. Gaskell. Into the story of the poor little heart-broken butterfly, "The Painted Lady," he is, however, brought rather naturally by the interposition of her daughter Grizel. Overlooking two chapters, Grizel is, next to Jean Miles, the soundest piece of character-drawing in the book. But her Three Visits to men who had called upon the Painted Lady in her wanton days, and her "Letter to God" about them, spoil the drawing of her merely for the sake of a needless insistence upon a generally conceded moral point. But Mr. Barrie will stand all the better with his serious inartistic following thereby. "The Jacobite Rising" and the "Siege of Thrums" are a trifle too reminiscent of the immortal Tom Sawyer, but they are well done. And in the examination failure, with which the book concludes, and in which Tommy also appears as a principal actor, the sketches of the examining ministers and schoolmasters, and their literary views, are full of humour—even if Tommy's fatal insistence on the *mot juste* is a trifle impossible. And the setting of the vanquished Tommy behind the hills, the weeping Grizel waving a farewell to him, concludes the book with the necessary pathos.

Mr Barrie's style is individual, not too clear and hard for his emotional purpose. His syntax is complex, not so much with intricate thought as a roving eye for detail. Leading statements stroll in casually at the end of sentences, sentences as leisurely and inconsecutive as At Home days in a country-house. The opening paragraphs of the book are fairly typical:—

"The celebrated Tommy first comes into view on a dirty London stair, and he was in sexless garments, which were all he had, and he was five, and so though we are looking at him, we must do it sideways, lest he sit down hurriedly to hide them. That inscrutable face, which made the clubmea of his later days uneasy, and even puzzled the ladies while he was making love to them, was already his, except when he smiled at one of his pretty thoughts or stopped at an open door to sniff a potful. On his way up and down the stair he often paused to sniff, but he never asked for anything; his mother had warned him against it, and he carried out her injunction with almost unnecessary spirit, declining offers before they were made, as when passing a room, whence came the smell of fried fish, he might call in, 'I don't not want none of your fish,' or 'My mother



says I don't not want the littlest bit,' or wistfully, 'I ain't hungry,' or more wistfully still, 'My mother says I ain't hungry.'"

And again: "This stair was nursery to all the children whose homes opened on it, not so safe as nurseries in the part of London that is chiefly inhabited by boys in sailor suits, but preferable as a centre of adventure, and here on an afternoon sat two. They were very busy boasting, but only the smaller had imagination, and as he used it recklessly, their positions soon changed; sexless garments was now prone on a step, breeches sitting on him."

The latter sentence, on consideration, seems to make it clear that it was two boys, and not centres of adventure, who were sitting. It seems indisputable to the present reviewer, though the reason of it eludes him, that in some way this easy, this deliberately unkempt and unbuttoned sentence does in masses give—how can we put it?—"modelling" to emotional form. One may compare Meredith.

Altogether we must congratulate Mr. Barrie on a successful work. Decidedly it is not a great book, but it is pretty, humorous, pathetic, interesting from cover to cover. Its jesting is as free from the unpleasant coarseness of Mr. Crockett as its moralizing is from the egregious pretension of Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is one of the most readable books of the year. It is full of effect. Mr. Barrie has not been spoilt by success. But the present reviewer does not think for a moment that it represents the fulness of Mr. Barrie's undeniable powers. It will, however, strengthen the great position he holds with the reading public, and it is, no doubt, a step nearer the coherent and starkly sincere novel we may reasonably expect and reasonably require from Mr. Barrie before his writing days are done.

#### MEDIAEVAL RELIGIOUS ART.

"Choir Stalls and their Carvings: Examples of Misericords from English Cathedrals and Churches." Sketched by Emma Phipson. London: B. T. Batsford. 1896.

MISS EMMA PHIPSON has hit upon an admirable subject in the present volume; and it is strange that to her it should have been left at this late time of day to be the first to treat of Misericord carvings not in some slight article by the way, but in a serious treatise exclusively devoted to these decorations. For the first time, then, as we believe, here is an attempt to record and illustrate, not exhaustively indeed, but in some sense proportionately to their importance, these most interesting relics of mediæval art, scattered literally by thousands up and down the country. Miss Phipson is modest enough about her undertaking. She tells us that the first effort to deal with so extensive a study as a whole is likely to be very imperfect, and she begs for corrections and suggestions. Moreover, many cathedrals and churches are deliberately omitted from the present volume through lack of space; but we are promised a second series which shall make good these omissions. We are very glad to hear it; Miss Phipson in this first series puts us under an obligation to her, and makes us anxious that she should continue her useful work. The Misericords treated of in the present volume range from the middle of the thirteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth, and the illustrations are arranged chronologically—certainly for students the most instructive and interesting method of arrangement. At the end come three very handy indexes under the headings of subject, locality, and dates. Nothing so far could be more practical and workmanlike.

Of the illustrations themselves as works of art, as worthy translations of those very remarkable works of art which it is their purpose to record for us, we cannot indeed speak in terms altogether enthusiastic. They serve their purpose indeed as records, as sketches that give the general disposition of the carvings; and it is but fair to say that Miss Phipson only calls them sketches. But in a tolerably expensive volume, such as this is, one does certainly regret that, at any rate, a selection of the carvings (say, not to be unreasonable, some half-dozen or so) were not reproduced as truthfully and

beautifully as our present means of reproduction would have rendered possible without excessive cost. As studies in light and shade these sketches leave a good deal to be desired; nor do they do justice to that extraordinary sense of harmonious line—as, for example, in the draperies, or in the disposition of hair or of foliage—which always characterized mediæval carving, and indeed mediæval decoration generally, however rude it might be in some respects. We are not here finding fault for fault-finding's sake. We care so genuinely about Miss Phipson's book that we are anxious that, if possible, her second book should artistically be a good deal better than her first; and we therefore commend these criticisms to her consideration as made in good part, for we do believe that she might attain to a higher standard than her present one with pains and a little increase of expense.

The mediæval carving of Misericords in many ways recalls at once the mediæval decoration of ecclesiastical manuscripts. The carving and the painting alike were intended for religious purposes, were decoration meant for the church. There is a famous saying of some old Jesuit, that no man's religion is entirely vital till he can jest about it—or words to that effect. The saying, no doubt, is paradoxical, and your precise and decorous Anglican shudders at it as if ice-water were suddenly being poured down his spine; but, paradoxical and shocking as it is, there is a robust element of truth in the thing, and these mediæval decorations come up before one as an illustration and justification of it. When we look at them, certainly one of the first characteristics which strike us is their non-religiousness, their very frank humour and grotesqueness. As Miss Phipson points out in her introduction, amongst all these innumerable Misericord carvings—carvings, be it remembered, intended for the most sacred part of the Church—Scripture subjects are of rare occurrence. What are their subjects? Everyday incidents of common life, of agriculture or of sport; acrobats, deliberate caricatures even of ecclesiastical personages, beasts and birds sometimes real, sometimes weird and fantastic, now and again some incident or characteristic insisted upon actually to the verge, or beyond the verge, of decency.

Many theories have been put forward by modern writers to account for this riotous mediæval habit, with the intent of more or less bringing it into line with our own more prudish ideas, or of taking off from it for us at any rate some of its sharp edge. We have no space here to examine these theories, even such of them as Miss Phipson touches upon in her introduction. But what we would wish to insist upon is this. By the mediæval artist, whether plastic or pictorial, as by the mediæval writer (take Chaucer, for instance), there is no essential distinction drawn whatever between religious art and profane art, between decoration which is fitted for the church and decoration which is fitted for any other sphere of human interest. Nowadays we have church architecture, church work, church decorators, and the like; and we talk about such things with awed and bated breath. When religion was, so to say, in men's blood and bones, was part of the common air they breathed, they had none of these nice differences: the only difference they knew was, that when they were working for the church they spent more money and more pains. And if ever we are to have healthy, virile, religious art again, that is the spirit we must be of. It may be a puzzling question enough how we are to regain it; but until it is regained, our religious art must remain in the immense bulk of it but a sickly and stupid affectation, and at best but an individual effort now and again, interesting and valuable it may be, but a thing apart from the general life, and therefore half idle, and burdened with the curse of an inevitable eccentricity.

#### ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.

"The Life and Correspondence of William Connor Magee, D.D., Archbishop of York." By J. C. Macdonnell, D.D., Canon of Peterborough. 2 vols. London: Isbister & Co. 1896.

CANON MACDONNELL'S own share in this biography is comparatively small. He carried on an intimate and regular correspondence with Magee for

nearly half a century, and these two large volumes consist mainly of the Archbishop's letters to his friend—his "more than brother," as he called him when he bade him farewell. If there are drawbacks about thus making a man tell his own life-story, the advantages seem to predominate. The figure of Magee stands out vivid and clear-cut against the moving background of events revealed in his own most admirable letters. We had thought the ancient art of letter-writing was dead in these times; killed by rush and hurry. Certainly it is with a delighted sense of the unexpected that we find a busy Bishop, overwhelmed with correspondence, relieving his feelings and "blowing off his steam" in some of the very best letters, we sincerely believe, in the language. They have every quality which letters should possess: an easy flowing style, never spoiled by rhetoric, vigorous and idiomatic English, keen observation and bright description, all lighted up with an Irishman's irrepressible and never-failing wit. If Magee's fame as an orator is doomed to decay, he will be remembered, and deservedly so, as a really great letter-writer.

The personality of the man comes out in his letters with extraordinary clearness; as might, indeed, be expected from the fact that he wrote just what was in his mind, without any thought that his words would ever be read by any but the dear friend to whom he said exactly what he felt at the moment. We see him, conscious of great powers, fretting against the narrow limitations and stunted opportunities of an Irish deanery; frankly delighted at being summoned to preach before the Queen; stunned, as he puts it, but still thoroughly pleased, by his appointment to the English Bench. He was the first Irishman since the Reformation to hold an English see, and he may be readily forgiven some pleasure in the reflection. We see him entering upon his high office at the moment when the great fight over the Irish Church was coming on in Parliament; and it is interesting to note that he was quite ready for a compromise, though his celebrated "No surrender" speech on the second reading expressed his real convictions. Still, if compromise had been possible, Magee would never have made that speech; and he was very active during the Committee stage in trying to get the best terms for his native Church. He was successful in at once gaining the ear of the House of Lords, and he never lost it; but he disliked Parliamentary work. "I am sick of sitting on red benches and playing at statesman," he writes, with a keen instinct that a bishop's right place is in his diocese.

As Bishop of Peterborough he appears as a shrewd, straightforward, determined ruler; a man with strong convictions of his own, and a serene, unflinching cocksureness that they were absolutely right; masterful indeed, but possessed of a saving fund of humour and common sense, and full of genuine sympathy, though—oddly enough for an Irishman and an orator—rather lacking in imagination. During the Ritualistic controversy he honestly tried to be fair to all parties, though his own feelings were strongly opposed to the Ritualistic beliefs and practices. His "maxims in governing" deserve quotation:—  
 "1st. Never hit if you can avoid it. 2nd. When you do hit, *smash*. 3rd. When the smashed man admits that he is smashed, then apply the plaster of forgiveness and civility. The first rule prevents many quarrels; the second secures victory when you fight, and terrifies other possible combatants; the third secures peace after war." On the whole, Magee's administration of his see was remarkably successful. He steadily raised the tone of the clergy, and made them follow his own example of hard work; he contrived to keep the peace between the warring factions, and to avoid ecclesiastical rows in his diocese; he was looked up to, both within it and without it, as a strong man and a just, who knew his own mind, and intended to have his way, but who was kindly and lovable withal. It is noteworthy that, though he lived simply enough, he was constantly short of money.

His pronouncements on great questions, sometimes made anonymously in journals like the "Times" or the "Spectator," do not exhibit striking foresight or unusual wisdom. They are rather the judgments of a shrewd, common-sensible, witty observer;

and his reasons, when he gives them, are the reasons of a practical man of his own time, looking to the plain facts in their business aspect. But this very quality made him acceptable to the English lay mind, and his knack of expressing his conclusions in epigram enabled him to bite them in, so to say, upon that somewhat tough and difficult material. The famous "Better England free than England sober" is perhaps the best example of what is meant; and his assaults upon Socialism may be referred to in the same sense. His outlook was in truth rather a contracted one, possibly due in part to the fact that he was not a man of much reading or wide culture, but essentially a man of affairs, of action; in part to the sturdy Philistinism which was a feature of his curiously compounded character.

What has surprised us most about him, and has come from this biography as the newest and most unexpected revelation of Magee, is his pessimism. At any rate in his later years, he took a very gloomy view of the tendency of events. The experience of his own Irish Church had not modified his hatred and fear of the policy of Disestablishment; and he repeatedly prophesied that the Established Church in England had but a very short lease of life; and after that the Deluge. He was regarded by his brethren, he tells us, as "a Celtic Cassandra." In political and national affairs, similarly, he thought things were rushing onward to an inevitable Niagara of revolution and anarchy. "Parnell and Company" are coupled with "Gladstone and Company" as the chief agents in preparing and precipitating the coming catastrophe. We confess we find it difficult to account for this bitter pessimism in so clear-headed a man, this hopelessness in one so sane, of so genial and happy a temperament in ordinary life.

His letters have been characterized as even brutally frank about his colleagues on the Episcopal bench and other eminent personages in Church and State—as showing up the seamy side of matters ecclesiastical with all the "indiscretion" of Mr. Purcell. Certainly Magee does not mince matters. Of Convocation he writes, "Our House is doing nothing with great dignity and calm, the Lower House is doing nothing practical with great heat and fury." Archbishop Tait, for whom he had a real regard in spite of differences, and of one serious quarrel, is denounced as an Erastian. "He so entirely believes in Parliament, and so entirely ignores the Church, that he is really becoming . . . a great peril to the Church. He regards the Clergy as a big Sixth Form." He sums up the result of an episcopal deliberation as follows:—"Gloucester and Bristol proved himself handy, dexterous, and good-tempered as ever; Oxford, sensible but obstinate; Exeter, sensible and brief; Truro, good and gushing; London, able and honest; and your unworthy brother of Peterborough, bitter and sarcastic, and occasionally jocose." It must, however, be remembered that all this was written to an intimate friend, who knew that the Bishop was only blowing off steam as a relief from the worry and fatigue of his work; who knew, moreover, what the public cannot know, how to fit these off-hand half-jests into their right setting, and to regard them in their due proportion. We are glad that Canon Macdonnell did not erase them. They show us the Bishop with his apron off; they reveal a necessary side of the man; and after all, though painfully outspoken, they are never spiteful or ill-natured.

It only remains to add that the biographer has done his work with great care and skill. So much can scarcely be said for the printer and proof-corrector. There are not a few irritating misprints; and the two portraits have lost their respective ways, and each appears in the volume properly belonging to the other.

#### LOCAL TAXATION.

"The History of Local Rates in England." By Edwin Cannan, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1896.

THE lately established London School of Economics has made a good start in its official publications by printing these five lectures of Mr. Cannan. Books on taxation are not usually taken up to wile away an



idle hour. It may be that their writers are weighed down with the conviction that no one will study taxation unless he is forced to. At all events, they do not often manifest any attempt to make their books even decently readable. To this rule Mr. Cannan is one bright exception. He has the shrewdness to begin with the question which taxpayers must often put to themselves—namely, why rates are paid only in respect of certain kinds of property, and why they are levied, not on the owner of such property, but on the occupier; and the interest thus roused suffices, in spite of much technical matter, to keep the reader awake till the summing up.

Since Adam Smith wrote that "The subjects of every State ought to contribute towards the support of the government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities," and then explained this as meaning "in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State," writers on taxation have been divided between those who took Faculty, or ability to pay, as their canon, and those who advocated Benefit received. Of late years the latter doctrine has almost disappeared as regards Imperial taxation, but the economist who applies the canon of Ability to Local taxation has to face the question why local rates are levied, not on income, but on the annual value of lands, houses, and the like. Mr. Cannan answers this by the appeal to history. He shows that, in the early days of the Poor Rate—to which, he says, other rates are nothing but an addition—and even before 1601 in certain non-statutory rates, ability to pay was clearly laid down as the principle; and he follows in detail the steps by which the difficulty of imposing anything like a "local income tax" led gradually to the assessment on fixed property. "It happens that in practice the nearest possible approximation to local rating according to ability, and the nearest possible approximation to local rating according to benefit, are one and the same thing, namely, the rating of persons in respect of fixed property in the district." Thus "both the popular canons of local taxation led to the same unpopular practical conclusion, the rating of fixed property only."

It is impossible, however, in the space at our command to do more than call attention to this short but most able treatise. We can only add that it is illuminated throughout by Mr. Cannan's quiet restrained humour, and that it leaves us with the feeling of respect which one must accord to laborious and well-done work.

#### THE LIFE OF A FOX.

"The Life of a Fox, and Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman." By Thomas Smith. London: Edward Arnold. 1896.

IT was a happy thought of Sir Herbert Maxwell—who edits the new "Sportsman's Library," of which this is the first volume—to select Tom Smith's excellent book, and a still happier thought of Mr. Arnold to publish it just as foxhunting begins in earnest. If the following volumes are as well chosen and as well got up the "Sportsman's Library" will without doubt be found upon the bookshelves of most Englishmen devoted to outdoor sports. Peter Beckford's "Thoughts upon Hunting," written and published in the last century, is, of course, a classic; and Tom Smith's "Life of a Fox and Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman," which may be said to represent fox-hunting as it flourished in the second quarter of this century, deserves to occupy almost as good a place in the average hunting man's library. In some respects we are inclined to think that Tom Smith's book is the better of the two. It is less pedantic, more modern, brisker, more up-to-date—written although it was more than fifty years ago. Mr. Smith could scarcely pretend to equal the accomplishments of Beckford, of whom it has been said that "he would bag a fox in Greek, find a hare in Latin, inspect his kennels in Italian, and direct the economy of his stables in exquisite French"; yet he writes a first-rate book on hunting.

Mr. Thomas Smith was a sportsman extremely well known to our grandfathers. He was a Hampshire man who lived at Droxford Place and in the year 1825 be-

came Master of the Hambledon Hounds. Leaving the Hambledon in 1829, he took the Craven, which, after hunting some years, he subsequently quitted for the Pytchley. In 1848 he came back to his first love, the Hambledon. The "Diary of a Huntsman," which occupies the latter half of the present volume, was first published in 1838, when Mr. Smith was hunting the Pytchley country. The "Life of a Fox" appeared in 1843. Both works speedily became famous as the outcome of the matured experience of one of the first, most original, and most acute of English foxhunters.

Tom Smith had an extraordinary knack of hunting foxes. He seemed to know by instinct the secret thoughts, habits, and manœuvres of these swift and most crafty carnivora, and in consequence he was enabled to kill foxes where other men over and over again failed. One of his most famous records—a record of which he himself was justly proud—was the killing of ninety foxes in ninety-one consecutive days hunting in the Craven country. Now the Craven, as a good many people are aware, is notoriously one of the worst scenting countries in England. It was well said of this sportsman by Mr. Codrington, of the New Forest, "If I were a fox, I'd sooner have a pack of hounds behind me than Tom Smith with a stick in his hand." He was, indeed, a terror to foxes.

No one can peruse the "Life of a Fox," which purports to give the experiences of foxes in various hunting countries, as related by themselves, without being struck by the extraordinarily intimate knowledge which Tom Smith evidently had of the very mind and nature of this cunning beast of chase. In the "Diary of a Huntsman" we have a complete and practical survey of the foxhunter, huntsman, whipper-in, hounds, the fox itself, earth-stoppers, gamekeepers—for whom Mr. Smith seems to have had a hearty aversion—and other subjects connected with the chase. All these are dealt with in a plain, practical, and yet extremely lively manner. The book, considering that it is the output of one of the hardest-worked sportsmen in Britain, is astonishingly well written. There are amateur sportsmen, nowadays, who with but little practical knowledge of a most difficult art, cheerfully take upon themselves the task of hunting their own hounds. Some of them are not even properly versed in a huntsman's language when addressing his hounds, and are at times lamentably at fault. Tom Smith devotes a short but valuable chapter to this little-known subject.

The reprint is sure to be acceptable to the present generation of sportsmen. It is well got up, and the coloured illustrations by Mr. G. H. Jalland are clever, spirited, and well adapted to the period of which the author treats.

#### COUNT BENEDETTI'S APOLOGIA.

"Studies in Diplomacy." From the French of Count Benedetti, French Ambassador at the Court of Berlin. London: W. Heinemann. 1896.

WHEN the Franco-German War of 1870-71 ended so disastrously for France, Count Benedetti was made a scapegoat by the French people. It was a most unjust proceeding, as every candid person who carefully studies this apology by the unfortunate diplomatist must admit. The candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne was hailed with delight by King William and Count Bismarck as a means of forcing on the long-desired contest with France; while the latter Power also grasped at this sinister event as a lucky means of quarrel with her enemy. Benedetti was instructed to obtain certain concessions from the Prussian monarch, and he was in a fair way of securing them when the French Minister, the Duc de Gramont, put forth behind his back new demands which it must have been pretty obvious William I. could not concede. In fact, at the eleventh hour he called in Bismarck as a counsellor, and everybody knew what that meant. The Chancellor was bent on war, and Moltke and Von Roon were prepared for it. On the other hand, Napoleon III. and his advisers were equally pleased with the turn of events, and each party blamed the other for the final catastrophe. Count

Benedetti, however, conclusively shows in these memoirs that if France had been content with the Prussian King's approval of the withdrawal of Prince Leopold's candidature, war could never have broken out. But when she went on to exact guarantees that Prussia would under no circumstances countenance Prince Leopold's candidature in the future, and also claimed some apology to the French nation for what had occurred, war became inevitable.

Long before the crisis occurred, Benedetti seems to have warned his Government that the Hohenzollern candidature was in the air. He shows clearly that it was set as a trap for France by Bismarck. He mercilessly exposes the German Chancellor's duplicity in the Luxemburg and Belgian questions, and at the Berlin Congress, where he stripped Russia of all the advantages she had acquired by the Treaty of San Stefano, after a war sustained at the cost of the greatest sacrifices. Bismarck made three wars in six years, sprinkled the bones of several hundreds of thousands of men from the Baltic to the banks of the Danube, from the Danube to the banks of the Loire; and he issued triumphant from this triple struggle, loaded with titles, honours, rewards of every kind. Men applauded the skill and audacity of the man of blood and iron; but what are the permanent results of his policy? They are thus described by Benedetti: "You will permit me, Prince Bismarck, to point out to you that your policy has engendered militarism; that it has placed Europe under the necessity of arming, of arming unceasingly and beyond all measure; and that nations live in terror of immense, of frightful catastrophes which some fortuitous event may suddenly cause to explode, notwithstanding the prudence of the various Governments. To maintain this sad state of things the people stagger beneath the burden of taxation which is out of all proportion to the economic resources of each country. This situation has favoured the development of Socialistic doctrines, and you know whether they constitute a grave peril for social order." Bismarck had his triumphs in contemporary history; but united Germany is now beginning to pay for them.

The Triple Alliance is once more agitating Europe, and it so happens that the most important and elaborate chapter in this volume is a careful and minute analysis of that alliance and its objects. The Triple Alliance—which is the fourth treaty of that name—was formed and confirmed between Germany, Austria, and Italy in the years 1883 and 1887. Count Benedetti asks, "Without cause, without urgency, why has Italy engaged herself, even contingently, to draw the sword against France, to guarantee Germany the peaceful possession of Alsace and Lorraine, and Austria the integrity of her dominions, including Trieste and Trent?" By joining this compact Italy has greatly increased her pecuniary obligations. In fact, while France could bear further burdens, if necessary, it would be quite impossible for Italy to do so. Every European sovereign talks of peace, but relaxes no efforts to prepare for war. The consequence is that Europe is compelled to support large armies, ever increasing in numbers, weighing more and more on the taxpayers, and becoming more and more harmful to industry and agriculture, and exhausting all the sources of general prosperity. The Triple Alliance has divided the Continent into two camps, constantly under arms, and ready on either side to come to blows.

In a further article on "Armed Peace and its Consequences," M. Benedetti still more fully and clearly amplifies the above considerations, and points out that every year makes the task of keeping the peace more difficult and onerous. William I. and Prince Bismarck returned to Berlin victorious, after re-arranging the map of Europe to their liking; but what has occurred since then? Have repose and prosperity prevailed in Germany? On the contrary, "the Swabian and, even more so, the Pomeranian peasants emigrate, to escape the benefits of Prince Bismarck's policy. The heavy taxes, the necessity of concluding alliances, of remaining under arms, either on the western or northern frontier, show that the adviser, of one mind with the Sovereign, has inaugurated a period of heavy burdens and protracted anxiety; that together they cast the country on the road to ruin or gigantic struggles;

unless the menace of another scourge, social warfare, constrains the various Governments to arrive at an understanding guaranteeing a new period of appeasement and concord to the people."

The author makes a plausible defence of his own policy before the war of 1870-71 in an article entitled "My Mission to Ems." It throws various side-lights upon a critical period, and many of its facts will be valuable to future historians. M. Benedetti writes fairly, frankly, and with very little acerbity considering how he was maligned for events which had passed beyond his power when he was unjustly expected to regulate them.

#### REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE musical monthlies are not more enthralling than usual this month. "The Musical Herald" is of course by far the most useful of them all to school-teachers, just as the music issued by the publishers, Messrs. Curwen, is by far the most useful in schools. But we confess to feeling slightly bored by long interviews with very excellent but not very important provincial gentlemen. However, the editorial notes and reports of lectures are often bright and readable. So much cannot be said of the paragraphs in the "Musical Times." Mr. Bennett must surely have been even harder pressed than usual for copy when he wrote "At Accrington, on September 16, the 'Hallelujah' chorus was performed by Mr. Berry, as a concertina solo!" Mr. Edwards' article on "Bach's Music in England" is useful; and it would be pleasant to read Mr. Corder on "Wagner's Methods," if only Mr. Corder, when he wishes to show his independence and up-to-date-ness, would get some one who really knows to tell him of what to disapprove, instead of making wildly extravagant shots and of course hitting the wrong thing. The "Strand Musical Magazine" is crammed full of popular things; but its rival the "Magazine of Music" is not more engrossing than usual. The songs are poor; and the only good piano piece is one by Mozart, which is not precisely novel. We are a little curious as to the mental condition of the person who writes "I do not care for the Beethoven concertos, and knowing them well, do not hesitate to say so. They bore me and appear to me too full of empty display passages in the piano part." Another writer discovers that the bassoon may be used as a substitute for the "second clarinet" in Elizabeth's Prayer from "Tannhäuser"; and the sooner he learns the difference between the bass clarinet and the ordinary instrument the better. The "Monthly Musical Record" contains interesting articles, and its notes are of great use to those who wish to know what is going on, or coming on, on the Continent.

#### THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

- Abbé de Lamennais (Hon. W. Gibson). Longmans. 12s. 6d.  
 African Slave Trade, The Suppression of the (W. E. Burghardt Du Bois). 2 vols. Longmans. 7s. 6d.  
 Alternating Currents (D. C. Jackson and J. P. Jackson). Macmillan. 14s.  
 Amateur Gardener, Confidences of the (A. M. Dear-Smith). Seeley.  
 Architecture of Scotland, The Ecclesiastical. Vol. II. David Douglas.  
 Ars Tragica Sophoclea cum Shakesperiana Comparata (L. Horton Smith). Macmillan & Bowes.  
 Atlantic Monthly, The (November).  
 At Random (L. F. Austin). Ward, Lock. 5s.  
 Autographs, Talks About (G. B. Hill). Fisher Unwin. 12s.  
 Bayonet that came Home, The (N. W. Williams). Arnold. 3s. 6d.  
 Bible in the Light of Today, The (Chas. Croslegh). S. P. C. K. 6s.  
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 Black Watch, The (Archibald Forbes). Cassell & Co. 6s.  
 Book of Bargains, A (V. O'Sullivan). L. F. Smith & Co.  
 Botany, Structural (D. H. Scott). A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d.  
 Buddhist Praying Wheel, The (W. Simpson). Macmillan. 10s.  
 Central Africa on an Iceberg, To (Squire and Maclean). Jarrold. 3s. 6d.  
 Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Selections from (W. Corson). Macmillan. 4s. 6d.  
 Chest of Opium, The (Mr. M.). Neville Beeman.  
 Children of English History, Royal (E. Nesbit). Tuck & Sons.  
 Child's Pictorial, The. S. P. C. K. 2s.  
 Chun Ti-kung (Claude A. Rees). Heinemann.  
 Constable, John, Life and Letters of (C. R. Leslie). Chapman & Hall. 42s.  
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 Douce Family, The (Edith Johnson). Fisher Unwin. 5s.  
 Dragon Slayer, The (Roger Pocock). Chapman & Hall. 6s.  
 Duchess Life, The (Caroline Masters). Warne & Co. 3s. 6d.  
 English and French Explanatory Dictionary (M. A. Méliot). Effingham Wilson.  
 Forestwyk (E. B. Bayly). Jarrold. 3s. 6d.  
 Forgotten Isles, The (Vaillier and Breton). Hutchinson. 16s.  
 French Revolution, The (Vol. I.) (Thos. Carlyle). Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.  
 Gentleman's Annual, The.  
 Greek Mastery, Modern (T. L. Stedman). Harper & Brothers.  
 Gynecology, A System of (Allbut and Playfair). Macmillan. 25s.  
 Haunt of Ancient Peace, A (Mrs. Marshall). Seeley & Co.  
 Her Foreign Conquest (R. H. Savage). Routledge & Sons.  
 Home Brewed (O. and M. Hartier). Simpkin, Marshall.  
 Hope of Israel (F. H. Woods). T. & T. Clark. 3s. 6d.  
 Interludes (Maud Oxenden). Arnold. 6s.  
 Japanese Alps, The (Rev. W. Weston). John Murray. 21s.  
 King's Garden, The (G. E. Farrow). Hutchinson. 2s.  
 Kitty the Rag (Rita). Hutchinson. 6s.  
 Kopton (W. M. Flinders Petrie). Bernard Quaritch.  
 Ladies' Kennel Journal, The (September-October).  
 Letters from the East (Vol. I.) (J. C. Danvers). Sampson Low. 21s.  
 London Pleasure Gardens, The (W. Wroth and A. E. Wroth). Macmillan. 15s.  
 Macbeth, Hamlet, King Lear (Shakespeare). Newnes. 1s. 6d.  
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 Man of Mood, A (H. D. Lowry). Bliss, Sands.  
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 North American Review, The (November).  
 On the Face of the Waters (F. A. Steel). Heinemann.  
 Ozmar the Mystic (E. Hulme Beaman). Bliss, Sands. 6s.  
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Physiography for Beginners (A. T. Simmons). Macmillan. 2s. 6d.  
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Applications, which may be accompanied by testimonials, should be sent in on or before November 25, 1896. Further particulars may be obtained from **ALFRED HUGHES, Registrar.** The Victoria University, Manchester.

**WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION** will be held in January, 1897, to fill up not less than **FOUR QUEEN'S SCHOLARSHIPS.**—For details, apply to the **HEAD-MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.**

### THE FERREIRA GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

**CAPITAL (FULLY ISSUED) £90,000.**

**JOHANNESBURG, 17th October, 1896.**

DEAR SIR,  
Your Directors beg to submit the following Report on the Working Operations of the Company for the Quarter ending 30th September, 1896:—

#### EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

WORKING EXPENDITURE.	REVENUE.
Mining Expenses.....£33,390 8 5	Gold Account ..... £92,736 1 5
Development Redemption .. 30,729 tons at 5s. .... 7,682 5 0	Cyanide Works—
.....£41,072 13 5	Profit on Working .... 28,410 10 3
Transport Expenses .... 474 5 0	Concentrates Sold. .... 15,427 19 6
Reduction Expenses .... 7,711 7 5	
.....£49,258 5 10	
Profit for Quarter ..... 87,316 5 4	
.....£136,574 11 2	.....£136,574 11 2
General Charges .. .. £4,848 9 3	Distributed over Mining, Transport, and
Maintenance .. .. 4,155 11 3	Reduction Accounts.
Mine Development Account .. .. .. £8,296 5 8	

#### DIVIDEND.

Dividend No. 11 of 125 per cent. (£112,500) has been paid during the Quarter.

Yours faithfully,

**D. C. MATURIN, Secretary.**

### ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London, E.C., November 10, 1896.

The Association of Mines of the South African Republic have cabled to their London Agents, the Robinson South African Banking Company, Limited, that for the month of October an output amounting to 35,970 ozs. was obtained by the following Companies:—

**ROODEPOORT UNITED MAIN REEF.**  
**MEYER AND CHARLTON.**  
**PRINCESS ESTATE.**  
**GEORGE GOCH (AMALGAMATED).**  
**WEMMER.**  
**LANGLAAGTE ESTATE.**  
**BLOCK B LANGLAAGTE ESTATE.**  
**LANCASTER.**  
**LANGLAAGTE STAR.**  
**NEW MIDAS ESTATE.**  
**PORGES RANDFONTEIN.**

This compares with 35,429 ozs. in the preceding month.

### THE LANGLAAGTE ESTATE and GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

**LONDON AGENTS—ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, Limited, 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.**

**PRODUCTION FOR OCTOBER 1896.**

**BY CABLE.**

Total Gold recovered .. .. 8,190 ozs.

The labour strike at the beginning of the month has caused a short fall in the production for October.

### THE LANGLAAGTE STAR GOLD MINING COM- PANY, LIMITED.

**LONDON AGENTS—ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, Limited, 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.**

**PRODUCTION FOR OCTOBER 1896.**

**BY CABLE.**

Total Gold recovered .. .. 1,071 ozs.

### THE PORGES RANDFONTEIN GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

**LONDON AGENTS—ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, Limited, 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.**

**PRODUCTION FOR OCTOBER 1896.**

**BY CABLE.**

Total Gold recovered .. .. 1,992 ozs.



# "THE JUMPERS" GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - £100,000

Johannesburg, October, 1896.  
SIR,—Your Directors beg to submit to you a Summary of Operations for the month of September, 1896:—

## TOTAL RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE FOR MONTH.

	£	s.	d.
To Cost, Mining and Milling..	12,505	3	10
" Cyaniding ..	715	19	10
" Plant Account. &c. ..	193	11	11
" Mine Development ..	335	10	11
" Buildings, &c. ..	372	7	8
" Balance ..	5,029	10	5
	£19,152	4	7

	£	s.	d.
By Gold, Concentrates and Tailings ..	19,152	4	7
	£19,152	4	7

P. C. HAW, Secretary.

# THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - £120,000

In 120,000 Shares of £1 each, all issued.

## SECRETARY.

H. R. NETHERSOLE.

LONDON SECRETARY.

A. MOIR.

## HEAD OFFICE.

CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE.

120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

## DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT.

### EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works. 16,298 Tons Milled.

### EXPENDITURE.

	Cost	Cost per Ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining Expenses ..	13,992 11 6	0 17 2 050
" Transport ..	195 0 10	0 0 2 872
" Milling ..	2,238 7 9	0 2 9 256
" Cyanide ..	2,955 19 2	0 3 7 528
" Slimes ..	831 3 11	0 1 0 239
" General Charges ..	1,814 11 2	0 2 2 720
" Mine Development ..	733 0 4	0 0 10 794
	£22,720 14 8	1 7 11 459
" Profit for Month ..	15,557 8 1	0 19 1 097
	£38,338 2 9	2 7 0 556

### REVENUE.

	Value	Value per Ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Gold Accounts—		
" 6,955 05 ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill ..	23,755 8 6	1 9 1 286
" 4,132 35 ozs. from 120 Stamp Cyanide Works ..	13,423 13 3	0 16 5 673
" 330 50 ozs. from 120 Slimes Works ..	1,159 1 0	0 0 1 5 067
	£38,338 2 9	2 7 0 556

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 30,644 tons.  
The 120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works ran with their accustomed regularity during the past month.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of 60 per cent. has been declared by the Board for the half-year ending 30th September, 1896, being at the rate of 120 per cent. per annum.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 30th September to the 6th October inclusive.

The Dividend will be payable from the Company's Head Office on the 16th November, 1896, to shareholders registered in the Company's books on the 30th September.

Holders of Share Warrants to bearer are informed that they will receive payment of Dividend (12s. per share) on presentation of Coupon No. 5, either at the London Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., or at the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas, 2 Rue d'Antin, Paris. Coupons must be left four clear days for examination at either of the offices mentioned above, and may be presented any time on and after Monday, the 7th December, 1896.

I am yours faithfully,

H. R. NETHERSOLE, Secretary.

Head Office, Johannesburg, October 9th, 1896.

# BLOCK B LANGLAAGTE ESTATE GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

LONDON AGENTS—ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY,  
Limited, 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

PRODUCTION FOR OCTOBER 1896.

BY CABLE.

Total Gold recovered .. 9,750 ozs.

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Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds, over £1,500,000.  
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

**Incorporated under the Companies Acts, and Registered 10th August, 1895.**

**CAPITAL, subscribed and fully paid, £3,000,000 in Shares of £4 Each.**

**DIRECTORS.**  
J. B. ROBINSON, Esq., *Chairman.*  
MAURICE MARCUS, Esq.  
Baron HÉLY D'OISEL.  
Baron DE LASSUS ST. GENIÈS.  
JAMES TYHURST, *General Manager.*  
JOHN H. BUTT, *Manager.*  
JAMES WEST, *Secretary.*

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TO BE SUBMITTED TO THE

FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS,  
NOVEMBER 16, 1898.

**T**HE Directors submit to the Shareholders the Accounts of the Company made up to 30th September, 1896.

After making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and after payment of all charges and expenses in London, Johannesburg, and Paris, the net profit amounts to £434,596 1s. 7d.

An Interim Dividend of 4s. per Share (or 5 per cent.) was paid on the Ordinary Shares in April last, amounting to £148,800, leaving a sum of £285,936 1s. 7d., which the Board recommend should be disposed of as follows:—

1 per cent. to be paid on £2,976,000 Ordinary Shares (to make up the requisite 6 per cent. Dividend before other distribution is made ..	£29,760	0	0
10 per cent. to Reserve Fund (on £256,976 1s. 7d., the amount of net profit, less 6 per cent. Dividend on Ordinary Shares) ..	£25,697	12	2
20 per cent. to be transferred Shares (on the same amount) ..	£51,394	4	4
and 4 per cent. additional on £2,976,000 Ordinary Shares, making a present Dividend of 5 per cent. (or a total Dividend for the year of 10 per cent., or 8s. per Share) to Ordinary Shareholders ..	£119,040	0	0
(the Dividend on the Ordinary Shares being paid free of Income-tax); leaving a balance of ..	£60,213	5	1

to be carried forward to the Profit and Loss Account for the current year.

The Dividend will be payable on and after the 17th November.

Under the Articles of Association, Maurice Marcus, Esq., Baron Hély D'Oïssel, and Baron de Lessus St. Geniès retire from the Board, and, being eligible, present themselves for re-election.

The Auditors, Messrs. Turquand, Youngs & Co., tender their services.

Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London, E.C.,  
4th November, 1896.

J. B. ROBINSON, *Chairman.*  
JAMES TYHURST, *General Manager.*

Dr.				Balance Sheet, September 30, 1896.				Cr.			
				£	s.	d.					
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED AND FULLY PAID—							By Cash in hand, with Bankers and at Branches .. ..				
744,000 Ordinary Shares of £4 each .. ..	£2,976,000	0	0				Deposits with Bankers and Loans on Securities at short notice .. ..	459,646	13	3	
6,000 Deferred Shares of £4 each .. ..	24,000	0	0				Native Gold in transitu .. ..	633,905	12	6	
750,000 Shares.			3,000,000	0	0		Investments (Consols £100,000) .. ..	354,714	13	1	
							Other Investments .. ..	100,000	0	0	
Amount due on Deposit, Current, and other Accounts .. ..	435,826	13	11				Bills of Exchange purchased and Current at this date .. ..	1,633,131	4	6	
Draws issued by Head Office and Branches, outstanding at this date .. ..	48,476	0					Bills discounted for and Advances to Customers .. ..	294,368	14	3	
Bills Receivable on account of Customers .. ..	3,767	12	1				Bills for Collection .. ..	617,173	13	3	
Profit and Loss Account, viz.—							Stamps .. ..	3,167	12	4	
Profit to 30th September, 1896 .. ..	£434,636	1	7					498	4	9	
Less Interim Dividend of ½ per cent. on Ordinary Shares, paid April, 1896.. ..	148,800	0	0								
			285,836	1	7						
			£3,767,006	7	10						
								£3,767,006	7	10	

Dr.		Profit and Loss Account,		Cr.		
FROM THE FORMATION OF THE COMPANY TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1896.						
	£	s.	d.		£ s. d.	
Charges, including Rent, Salaries, Taxes, Remuneration to Directors, Cost of Bank Furniture and Fittings in London, Johannesburg, and Paris, Preliminary and all other Expenses at Head Office and Branches	40,898	9	3	By Gross Profits, after deducting Interest on Deposits, Rebate, and making full provision for all Bad and Doubtful Debts	475,534	10 10
Balance carried to Balance Sheet	434,636	1	7			
	£475,534	10	10		£475,534	10 10

Dr.	Appropriation.	Cr.	
To Interim Dividend, 5 per cent. on Ordinary Shares, paid April, 1896, free of Income Tax .. .. .	£ 148,800 0 0	By Balance as per Profit and Loss Account .. .. .	£ 434,636 1 7
„ Additional Dividend of 1 per cent. on Ordinary Shares .. .. .	20,760 0 0		
„ Reserve Fund, 10 per cent. of Surplus £256,076 1 7 .. .. .	25,607 12 2		
„ Dividend on Deferred Shares, being 20 per cent. of the surplus as above .. .. .	51,215 4 4		
„ Additional Dividend of 4 per cent. on Ordinary Shares .. .. .	110,040 0 0		
„ Balance carried forward to Profit and Loss New Account .. .. .	60,213 5 1		
	£ 434,636 1 7		£ 434,636 1 7

Dr.	Reserve Fund.	Cr.
	By Transfer from Profit and Loss, 30th September, 1896 .. ..	£ 25,607 12 s. d.
		£ 25,607 12 s. d.

We have examined and compared the above Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account with the Books and Vouchers of the Company in London, and the statements received from the Branches at Johannesburg and Paris, and find them to be correctly stated in accordance therewith. In our opinion the Balance Sheet is a full and fair Balance Sheet, properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the books of the Company. The investments are taken in the Balance Sheet at or under average cost price.

LONDON, November 4, 1906.

J. B. ROBINSON, *Chairman.*  
JAMES TYHURST, *General Manager.*

TURQUAND, YOUNGS & CO., *Auditors*



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